

A Y R.

HAVING borrowed from Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, Bohn's beautiful edition of the works of Robert Burns in one volume, with life by Allan Cunningham, in order to find something appropriate to our engraving, we shall gratify our readers—and warm up our own early affection for both the poets, by copying therefrom "Verses to the Memory of Burns," by Fitzgreen Halleck, of New York, On Viewing the remains of a Rose brought from Alloway Kirk, in Autumn, 1822.

WILD rose of Alloway—my thanks!
Thou mind'st me of that Autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes of bonnie Doon."

Like thine beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief;
We've crossed the wintry sea, and thou
Art withered, flower and leaf!

And will not thy death-doom be mine,
The doom of all things wrought of clay,
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not to *His* memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long;
His, who a humbler flower could wake
Immortal as his song;

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed the festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath,
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that bard-peasant given.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death—
Few nobler ones, than Burns are there,
And few have even a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile to light the cheek.

And his, that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castles' mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

What sweet tears dim the eyes, unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld lang syne" is sung!

Pure hopes that lift the soul above,
Come with the cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far wind sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin, with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold-earth couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed
The mightiest of the hour;

And lovelier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there, o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries,
The poet's tomb is there!

But what to them the sculptor's art,
The funeral columns, wreaths, and urns,
Were there not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow frame,
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And yields the fringe a gem.
The window's gothic frame-work falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come, and passed away;
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade.

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
That cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn and fleur-de-lis;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),
When the first James was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
Hither his train did bring,
All seated round in order due,
With brodered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt,
Prayer-book, with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priests' command.

Then streaming down the vaulted isle,
The sunbeam long and lone
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription-stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
He and his lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast
In attitude of prayer;
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he,
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend,
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past offences to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
And generations new,
In regular descent from him
Have filled the stately pew,
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the modern-polished squire
With his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire
A season every year,
And fill the seat with belle and beau
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest,
Another and another guest.

The feathered hearse and sable train
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village-lane
And stand before the gate.
Brought many a distant country through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gently o'er their heads;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the Squire's Pew.

AN ADVERTISEMENT, of which the following is a copy, was inserted a few days ago in a French newspaper: — "A widow, thirty years of age, being possessed of a fortune of sixty thousand francs, wishes to marry a Negro between forty and forty-five years of age, who has received a good education."

From the Christian Remembrancer.

The Life of Mrs. Sherwood. By S. KELLY, 1 vol. London: Darton & Co.

THE sphere of biography extends from day to day. We are so accustomed to see announcements of the lives of persons whose names have scarcely reached us, that it ceases to be a question as it once was, what remarkable things has such an one done, or seen, or thought that, now he has passed away, the world must be made acquainted with his private history. Rather we are arrived at the conclusion that every life is interesting if we can only have its truthful history, and to acquiesce in and even believe ourselves gainers by this communicative habit of our own time. It does not, in fact, require celebrity to make a biography either agreeable or useful; the changes of an ordinary life have enough of variety and romance in them to engage the interest of others in the like position. It only requires that these changes should have made deep impression—that the subject of the memoirs should have lived for a purpose,—and that what has been done, seen or thought, should be vividly portrayed.

In the present abundance of biographies, then, we have no need to ask why the particular one under review has been published. Every person has at least heard of Mrs. Sherwood. Many in their childhood were familiar with her works; not a few, if not of our own readers, yet of readers in general of a certain standing, have received their first notions of doctrinal religion from her fluent and prolific pen. Such being the case, we took up the book with both interest and curiosity. However little we might expect to agree with the lady's theology, however little we may have sympathized with her mode of instructing young minds in Christian truth, she had influence in her day, and with a large party; and we naturally wish to know the character, and something of the history of every mind possessed of this mysterious power. But the book disappoints expectation. It is tedious and heavy, so much so, especially at the commencement, that without the stimulus of duty, which ought ever to be paramount in the reviewer's bosom, sustaining him through mighty achievements of dull reading, it would be next to impossible to read it honestly through. The cause of this failure presently dawns upon the mind. An autobiography,—which this book is with the exception of a few concluding chapters by her daughter,—should be produced by a clear and accurate memory, assisted by copious notes taken at the time, either in the form of letters to friends, or of a daily record of events. The reader soon becomes convinced that Mrs. Sherwood's memory was not a vivid one, not enough so at least to assign to each

age its distinct recollections; her remembrance of persons is vague, and of the few distinguished names which occur, she remembers little more than the name. She commenced this task, too, late in life, concluding it in her seventy-third year, with many a busy, bustling year of married life intervening between this period and the youth she dwells upon with a garrulous prolixity, if not with the desired distinctness. Even in the times when she kept a journal, she finds cause to regret that she made it rather a record of feeling than of fact. But present feeling is at least worth more than retrospective feeling, as being likely to be truer. With a speculative mind of a progressive order, whose pursuit, after its own fashion, is truth; experience tells us nothing is more remorseless than its sacrifices and abandonments of its former self or rather *selves*. Ambition does not kick away the ladder by which it climbed more indifferently than does the enthusiast renounce and repudiate every previous stage of progress. The step he stands on is knowledge and light, and peace one day, and gross darkness the next. So, if we are to learn anything by his wanderings, we prefer a current history giving the triumphs and exultations of each stage rather than the retrospect of the whole as a series of failures, which gives a fallacious idea of rest at last, of a long search resulting in a final discovery. From Mrs. Sherwood we learn little beyond her latest conclusions, and those but dimly set forth; for whether through her own mystic style or her daughter's caution, we are left to infer her meaning rather than see it anywhere distinctly stated; but we find that she had written many of her most dogmatic works, in which such as are acquainted with her writings will know that her opinions are set forth with all imaginable confidence and assurance, before she had attained to anything like what she considered distinct truth; and now and then curious admissions occur, showing the slight value of even the most formal statements of persons of this temper of mind concerning their own religious history, when their theory demands them; as where, describing her spiritual state as of a school girl of sixteen or seventeen, she says:—

"Now sincerely, I do not believe that the ignorance in which I then lay, of anything relating to real religion, was the fault of my parents; neither do I now believe, what once I not only believed but asserted, that until my mind was partially opened to the truth after my marriage, I had actually never heard that truth, either in public or in private. But this I do firmly believe, that I was not capable of receiving the Gospel while in an unregenerate state, for it is only by the enlightening and unerring influences of the Spirit one can receive 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' From a child I had read the word of God, and

that word is truth; but I had not the moral capacity to receive anything more than an historical view of it."—Pp. 116, 117.

And there is one even more remarkable notice of the religion of her childhood written in advanced age—as throwing an unreality on all her previous positive statements concerning her alleged unregenerate state up to mature womanhood. It is contradictory of much beside in the book, but thus it stands:—

It would not be easy to judge of the character of a child so favorably circumstanced as I was; neither can *I myself decide* whether I had then any ideas of religion beyond what parents may teach,—in fact, beyond what may be acquired by the unregenerate mind: the time of trial was then remote, and the evil nature restrained by the gentle, yet firm hand of a tender and wise mother.—P. 39.

Our readers, however, will prefer some facts concerning our authoress than longer dwelling on these curiosities of feeling which are also best developed in the course of the narrative. All people are of such consequence to themselves,—every individual is so absolutely the centre and hero to himself of the scene he moves in that we can never wonder at any undue sense of importance. Indeed, the strongest efforts of philosophy are not more than necessary to teach a man to estimate his own position at its due worth. When Mrs. Sherwood, therefore, prefaces her life with the following exordium, we may smile a little at the importance she attaches to the work, and muse upon the shortness of her day, and how little she knew that her influence and fame were both circumscribed within the span of her own life,—but such disparaging thoughts should be corrected by the consideration that if any one was ever encouraged to an over-estimate of self, she was. Indeed, the value of such a record as she has left really lies in illustrating the mischief and injury many a gifted nature receives from being tempted to tasks and offices for which, from the very nature of things, it is unfitted:—

I am tempted to this most singular undertaking, by an observation I have lately been induced to make upon the propensity of the age for writing and recording the lives of every individual who has had the smallest claim to celebrity. Could I be quite sure, that when I am gone, nobody would say anything about me, I should, I think, spare myself the trouble which I now propose to take; but when I consider that it is possible that dear friends, when mourning for me, may speak too partially of me, or that those who do not understand me may bring forward some of the many errors of my writings to uphold their own opinions, I feel it but justly due to Divine love and mercy to state, how, through a life of many changes, I have been gradually brought to see

the truth to a point of view which is luminous indeed, and bright as the day, when compared with the twilight ray that I first discerned. The light of lights which I now enjoy, is not a deceitful one—an ignis fatuus, or feeble emittance of fire, which can possibly lead me astray; and for this reason, that in the same measure as it burns brighter and brighter I discern more and more of the all-sufficiency of God, and of the total insufficiency of man. Thus, to speak in scriptural language, "The city shall have no need of the sun, for the Lamb shall be the light thereof."

There has been a singular Providence attending me through life, and preparing me in a remarkable manner for that which it was the Divine will I should do. I say *singular*, more because I am better acquainted with the steps which have brought me thus far in my progress, than with the histories and experiences of other persons. But far be it from me to suppose that anything I ever received was in any way merited by me. All I have received is a free gift; and the remarkable benefits which have been bestowed upon me, and the very high privileges which I have enjoyed, ought rather to excite wonder and gratitude than self-congratulation. "Oh! my God, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!"—Pp. 1—3.

Mrs. Sherwood was the daughter of the Rev. George Butt, son of a physician at Lichfield, Dr. Carey Butt, described as a man of exemplary piety, integrity and benevolence. She expresses herself with passionate devotion for her father, and uniformly describes him as a model of disinterested benevolence, generous to profusion, and incapable of care in money concerns. A daughter's deep affection is a guarantee for some true excellences of character, for even natural tenderness must have something real to feed on. Yet the facts about her father do not quite consort with these praises. In the course of his life he accumulated a vast amount of Church patronage in the way which public opinion allowed people to do in those days, and he married almost avowedly for money, while still mourning the loss of a lady to whom he had been attached. The circumstances are best detailed in his daughter's words:—

It was the will of God, however, that this lovely young woman, Mary Woodhouse, should be taken early from this world of trials; and it was whilst still mourning her loss my father consented to his father's earnest wishes to marry my mother, whose fortune rendered her a desirable match under the pecuniary circumstances of the family. Mary Woodhouse was one of three sisters, all of whom were accounted lovely; whilst my mother, then Miss Martha Sherwood, was a very little woman, having a face too long in proportion, with too decided features. She was marked too with the small-pox, and had no personal beauty but in her hands, the like of which I have never seen equalled. She was of a meek and gentle spirit, and it was no doubt oppressive to

her to be associated in the house with three of the most lovely women of the time. What, then, must her feelings have been when her father's commands or wishes were made known to her, that she was to marry one who still mourned the untimely fate of the fair Mary! Often have I thought of this since, and been led to consider that the smallest circumstances of human life are, no doubt, arranged in such a way as to advance our everlasting good, though, through the devices of Satan, we love to "kick against the pricks," wilfully misunderstanding the arrangements of Providence. For the Almighty is teaching individuals, by different experiences, the evil consequences of sin, and the effectual and perfect work of the Saviour's sacrifice to reconcile the world to God—a glorious exhibition of Divine love, justice, mercy, and holiness, to be manifested in due time.—Pp. 14, 15.

These vague but satisfied comments on actions which cannot be approved, as though a special providence directed all which concerned herself, are common in this book, and form one of its noticeable points. It is the attribute of God indeed to bring good out of evil, but this does not make the evil less evil. And it is *not* one of Satan's devices, but the working of pure, modest, natural feeling which leads a young woman to "kick against," or as we should say, shrink from a marriage with a man who she knows cannot love her, but marries her from mere prudential considerations.

The marriage (it took place in the year 1773) did not prove an unhappy one as far as we can gather; yet the wife's life was evidently tinged by this inauspicious commencement. Three children were the fruits of it, a son, the Rev. George Butt, Mary Martha, the subject of the present memoir, born 1775, and Lucy, some years younger, afterwards Mrs. Cameron, well known as sharing her sister's facility in writing. Mrs. Sherwood's style is never more awkward than when drawing the character of her parents—a difficult task to the most accomplished pen. Here we have to wade through a circumlocution of florid expressions intended to convey reverence, affection, devotion and admiration, till the thing she has really to tell, lies smothered in so much decoration. We can discern, however, that her father had most of her real regard, that her vigorous nature and cheerful temperament were inherited from him. His genial love of society and success in it prevented the little sadness of such a home from affecting him in any way; and very early it is clear that there were more sympathies between the father and his clever daughter, than the husband with his dejected, retiring, unattractive, yet refined wife. The power of expressing affection without reserve or timidity was very likely his, as it was certainly his daughter's; and if we may judge from her daughter's part in this narra-

tive, the impulse descends unabated to the third generation. His position also was one for his children to be proud of. He was popular with high and low, courted by men of rank for his social qualities; a court-chaplain, and somewhat eminent as a preacher; with a literary and reading reputation, easily won in those days; and endowed with an expansive, easy benevolence of temperament which made him at home with all ranks and all persuasions. When leaving the elegant retirement of their country living, the family removed to the better preferment of Kidderminster; while Mrs. Butt shrank from the impolite associates amongst whom they were thrown, her husband's more vigorous mind moulded society even there to something congenial to his own tastes, talked himself, led the conversation, and gave his own tone to it. He was hand and glove with the dissenting ministers, and encouraged the growing liberalism of that day by such conspicuous acts of fraternization, as could hardly be enacted now.

'My dear father's benevolent feeling had a wide play at Kidderminster.

'There were at that time, and still I believe are, many dissenters in that town. Though our family were decided Church people, yet my father manifested as much kindness to the dissenters as to his own peculiar flock. By his entire exemption from bigotry he was as much loved by one party as by the other, and was on fraternal terms with the two dissenting ministers, often inviting them to his house, and discussing religious subjects with them in the most candid manner. He was also accustomed, when there was a charity sermon at either meeting-house, to attend himself in his gown and cassock, and stand at the door as the people went out, setting me before him to hold the plate, his whole countenance on these occasions beaming with love for all his fellow-creatures.'—P. 82.

He early established it in his own and his daughter's mind that she was to be a genius and a writer, from which we infer that she must have shown talent early, though no particular indications are given of this beyond the power of inventing and extemporizing long stories to her companions. He taught her Latin, and gave her the run of his library: one of her pleasantest early recollections being connected with a wagon load of books her father had bought at the sale of Walsh's (the friend of Addison) library, for the sum of one guinea. These books, dusty and black, but choice editions, many of them of ancient romances and old divinity, it was her privilege to assist her father to arrange, in a loft assigned by her mother for their reception. A delightful task for a book-loving girl, and a tempting guinea's worth. We only wonder that with such opportunities this authoress made no further advance in style and composition than

she did. An inherent commonness pervades everything she ever wrote; a total want either of point or elegance, which is hardly reconcilable with the careful, and at the same time original and peculiar education she received. But her mind, made more for action than for thought, though thrust by circumstances into this latter groove, resisted no doubt anything like deep culture.

Such being her father, such in himself, and such towards her, we are not surprised that filial piety should compel her to relax something in the rigid tests by which she usually judges of spirituality of mind, and that though he conformed to the amusements and customs of the world, which throughout her works she regards as the criterion of the soul's condition,—and though there was in his statements of religious truth a total absence of terms and phrases, in all other cases deemed essential by her,—yet she happily reconciles herself to the discrepancies, and concludes her father's character in the following terms. We remember Charlotte Elizabeth in a similar way makes an exception in favor of a favorite brother, and allows him to be saved without conforming to any one of her essential conditions:—

‘But in speaking of my beloved father, of his thousand kind acts, of his humility, and of his enlarged love for every human being who came under his eye, I must restrain myself, lest I should so far wander as almost to forget my object. One remark, however, I must make before I dismiss this subject, and that is, that we might as readily suppose warmth and light to exist in the sun independently of all Divine power, as to attribute the enlarged charity of my father to the motions of an uninfluenced nature. To sum up his character in a few words; he was as pure in heart, as free from what is wrong, as the present imperfect state of human nature will permit.’—P. 83.

Her mother's cares bestowed on her, and they were many, were all of a more austere kind, and certainly raise a picture somewhat forbidding, though she never seems to have failed in maternal duty, and certainly not in real affection. Her system of education was one of restrictions, severities, and denials.—Probably from the unhappy circumstances of her marriage, her sympathies were never fully drawn out. She lived much in herself and for a few intimate friends, and does not seem to have been able to inspire intimacy and confidence in her children. Still her daughter, with that singular mixture of real good feeling, and strong conviction that somehow the results in her own case were so good, that the means by which such results were attained must have been the best, while she carefully records all the little hardships of her childhood, assures us she would not have had them otherwise:—

‘The society in which I mixed as a child was such as to give a decided turn to the thoughts and the tastes. Indeed, as long as I have lived, I have never heard any person converse as my father and mother were accustomed to converse. My mother never suffered her children to interrupt conversation. We were compelled to listen, whether willing or not. My father not only conversed in a superior way himself, but he gave the tone to all his visitors and to all his pupils. I can hardly say how young I was when I got ideas of other countries, and other times, and other modes of life, such as, by the modern style of education, could never possibly be obtained; and this through the simple means of listening to my father's conversation. Whilst this system of improvement was always going forward whenever the family were assembled, there was a private discipline of such undeviating strictness carried on with me by my excellent mother, that it might have appeared that no other person in the world could have been better fitted to bring a mere child of many imaginations under control than was my ever honored parent. Lady Jane Grey speaks of the severities to which she was subjected by her noble parents. I had neither nips, nor bobs, nor pinches; but I experienced what I thought much worse. It was the fashion then for children to wear iron collars round the neck, with a backboard strapped over the shoulders: to one of these I was subjected from my sixth to my thirteenth year. It was put on in the morning, and seldom taken off till late in the evening; and I generally did all my lessons standing in stocks, with this stiff collar round my neck. At the same time I had the plainest possible food, such as dry bread and cold milk. I never sat on a chair in my mother's presence. Yet I was a very happy child; and when relieved from my collar, I not unselfishly manifested my delight by starting from our hall door, and taking a run for at least half a mile through the woods which adjoined our pleasure-grounds.’—P. 38, 39.

And again, we have the following painful picture of rough discipline:—

‘My sister, as a child, had not good health, and therefore she could bear neither the exposure nor fatigue I did. Hence the reason wherefore I was so much alone. From this cause, too, she was never submitted to the same discipline that I was; she was never made so familiar with the stocks and iron collar, nor the heavy tasks; for after my brother was gone to school, I still was carried on in my Latin studies, and even before I was twelve I was obliged to translate fifty lines of Virgil every morning standing in these same stocks with the iron collar pressing on my throat. It only wanted one to tell me that I was hardly used to turn this healthful discipline into poison; but there was no such person to give this hint, and hence the suspicion never, as I remember, arose in my mind that other children were not subjected to the same usage as myself. If my sister was, not so, I put it down to her being much younger, and thus I was reconciled to the difference made between us.’—P. 54.

Iron collars and stocks have long been ex-

ploded as likely paths to the graces. At eleven years old our authoress had opened out to her a more flowery way, by a fine French lady, who paid her parents a visit, decorated in all the preposterous finery of Marie Antoinette's prosperous days. The child always knew she was to be a genius, Madame de Pelevé's conversation raised the question in her, whether she was also to be a beauty, a point about which she became for the time a good deal more solicitous: indeed we may possibly trace to a visit of curiosity paid to her mirror about this time, for the purpose of ascertaining this point, those many pages devoted to the description of personal beauty which subsequently enliven even her most serious and profound polemical works.

At fifteen she was sent to school at Reading. Her father was on intimate terms with Dr. Valpy, head master of the Grammar School there, and while on his annual visit to his friend was witness of a "sort of exhibition," probably a theatrical performance, got up by the pupils of Monsieur and Madame St. Q.—'s school, kept in the old abbey. He was delighted with all he saw, and pronounced it "the very place for Mary," in which judgment his daughter believed him to have been divinely directed, though the whole conduct of the school was absolutely opposed to her own principles, as it would have been in many respects disapproved by all who desire any kind of religious instruction for their children. Yet it was evidently no common-place boarding school. M. de St. Q.— possessed the art of teaching. The girl's minds were developed; they caught a tone from the place and from one another. They learned to converse; met good society of a certain class; saw much of French refugees, who flocked round their old friend, and had their minds turned towards the subjects of the time of most real interest; and, as Mrs. Sherwood insinuates, acquired a certain grace of manner, which for ever supplanted the awkwardness of overgrown girlhood which had previously oppressed her and called down the reproofs of her friends. That the influence of this school upon young ductile minds was a powerful one, and also that it took a certain definite direction, is evident. The popular authoresses Miss Mitford, and L. E. L., and Lady Caroline Lamb, who made some noise in her day, were educated by M. and Mlle. de St. Q.—, though not at the same time with Mrs. Sherwood. It is curious to trace the same somewhat French glow of sentiment, the same strain of overwrought, often unreal feeling, and through all the same power of exciting interest, and engaging the sympathies of a large, though perhaps not very discriminating, class of readers, which these well-known female writers evidence through all their manifold differences of style and subject.

To the one we are most concerned with, it was a charming scene of liberty and excitement, symbolized the very first morning of arrival by the privileges (forbidden at home) of 'free approach to the fire and buttered toast.

No writer of her party has made it more her concern to discountenance and dispute the view of Baptism taught by our Prayer-book. No one has said more on the necessity of being able to pronounce on the precise period of conversion, from which the elect soul may date the moment of regeneration, than Mrs. Sherwood. The utter absence of reserve or timidity in approaching such subjects, the rude jarring positiveness of assertion, the unscrupulous judgment passed upon individuals and classes in respect to them, might at least lead us to expect beforehand that she herself was a signal instance to her own mind of their truth; and so, as we have said, she has somewhere stated it. Yet to us an absolutely contrary state of things is apparent, from her own self-history, of which there is evidently a curious glimmering consciousness in herself. Possibly her latest lights, as she deemed them, made the former view less necessary to her system. Be this as it may, in a certain dim way she is forced to recognize the pleadings of a divine principle in what she holds as the unconverted portion of her life. Take the following anecdote;

I truly believe the larger number of the girls in the highest class at Reading were certainly simple and well-intentioned. Some bad ones there were indeed, and it so happened these were in the room in which I slept; for I had not been at school many weeks, when one night, having gone to bed before the supper in the parlor, which I had the privilege of attending, I was kept from sleeping for some time by a conversation in the next bed, attended by repeated laughs.

I knew that something bad was going on, though I did not understand all that was said. I called out, "Have done with that nonsense, or I will go down and tell of you." "That I am sure you will not," said my neighbor. "I will not," I answered "if you will let us hear no more of it." There were many other girls in the room, but chiefly little ones. "We will not have done," was the reply I received. After one or two more warnings I got up, dressed myself, and went down into the parlor, where I reported the case. Madame St. Q.—, whatever she might have thought or wished, was obliged to take up the affair for the credit of the establishment. The girls were punished by bread-and-water diet for a day or two. Through the Divine favor I never heard another bad word at school, though I not unseldom observed the breaking-off of a discourse between two girls when I came near.

It might be asked, whether it was under the influence of religion that I did this right action, whereby I protected the ears of all the little people in the room as well as my own? Really I

am unable to answer this question, for I do not think that when at Reading I ever gave much attention to religion; though, through the force, perhaps, of education, I had a high respect for it, accompanied with a somewhat delicate sense of morality.—Pp. 95, 96.

And again, in the following passage, with its inconclusive reasonings:

I had heard my parents speak with horror of certain novels, whose names I will not mention. One evening, in the schoolroom, I picked up an abridgment of one of these old novels. I saw at once that the title was the same as one which I knew my parents condemn. However, the temptation was strong, and I read a page or two. Suddenly, however, a better thought was inspired, and I laid the book down, at the same time, as I believed, unobserved, I lifted up my eyes, saying, "God forgive me for my disobedience." A violent burst of laughter, and a cry from the French teacher to this effect, "Mademoiselle Butt is saying her prayers," suddenly startled me, and I felt more guilty than if I had been detected in stealing, or any other disgraceful act. . . .

After the two anecdotes I have given of myself, does not the question suggest itself—Had a change of heart taken place with me then? Was there, or was there not, a new life dwelling within me at that time? Again, I answer, I think not; that is, I have no idea of anything which seemed to be good in me at that time, or any thing that was more than the effect of habit and of a careful education. I can recollect no secret working of the Divine Spirit in my heart, convincing me of sin, or rendering me anxious to please my God, above and before all other motives of action. And again, I consider that as the gifts of the Spirit have life in themselves, so they grow and increase under apparently the most unpropitious circumstances, as the result of Divine influence; while those respectable qualities which originate in education only, have on the contrary no life in themselves, and are therefore subject to perish for ever. Thus at Reading, though improved no doubt in many respects, I gradually lost some of my simpler and child-like habits, and after a little while my Bible never saw the light. I began to think less of what would please my mother than of what would promote my own pleasure.—Pp. 96-98.

As we have said, there was much in her education to form and develop a character, and there was quite enough in our authoress for these influences to work upon. The freedom and absence of all proper guidance at the "Abbey" were preposterous enough, but lessons were learnt with spirit, and much was acquired beside that lessons cannot teach. Without, however, commending either the system itself or its results, the fact of its having possessed influence may still lead us to speculate on the fruits, as far as vigor of character and intellect are concerned, likely to

accrue from the modern system of education, with its universal knowledge diffused by the same cut-and-dried means; its perpetual chatter in foreign tongues about nothing at all, which is the substitute for conversation with such as can readily learn the common-places of language; the long silence to which the less fluent are condemned, who find silence easier than to sustain a talk of platitudes with the French, or Italian, or German governess, chosen not for the fulness of her mind, but for the correctness of her accent; the sedulous occupation of every hour on some definite study or lesson in the dreary school-room: the real art of conversation all the while being as little developed by practice, or by listening to anything that deserves the name, as though a girl's native tongue was avowedly the one she is least concerned to speak well. Happily children's minds have a power of resistance, as well as an ever fresh and renovating spring within, and the thoughts have a channel, and a language of their own, unapproachable—one might say safe—from meddling interference, or the levelling, deadening influence of this training would surely destroy all the brightness and originality of its victims, and society would stand a chance of becoming too empty or too dull for its own existence.

But this digression is not intended either to recommend the Abbey's system, nor its consequences on the mind of our authoress: we only point it out as an influential developing system, which all education ought to be, leaving recollections not of a mere drudgery of lessons, into which the learner could not enter, but of mind acting upon mind—a point forgotten, as it often seems now, in female education, when the inquiry about a school is not as to the degree of intellectual power of the mistress, or her skill in forming and guiding young minds, but the expensiveness and name of the masters of accomplishments.

The school days we are now upon ended in such a glow of French glitter and gaiety, as make us fully share our authoress's wonder that no harm came of it, or at least no other than the sentimental tincture, which is after all by no means the worst or most injurious point in Mrs. Sherwood's children's books. She describes a play in which she took a subordinate part, acted by the young ladies, as it seems with a kind of publicity, "for the benefit of the distressed emigrants," the prologue and apologue written by her father, the whole under the auspices of Dr. Valpy, calling to our minds a vivid description of similar theatrical performances, recorded somewhere by Miss Mitford, and thus dwells on the concluding days of her school life:

I have many pleasing recollections of those, the last few weeks of our residence at Reading.

It was bright summer weather, and whilst the days for our representation approached we lived more and more with the noble emigrants, and entered more and more into their feelings. We talked with the ladies, and danced with the gentlemen under the trees in the Abbey garden, to the music of the harp. We were then as it were completely carried away with the spirit and feelings of France—of the olden times; and, though nominally at school, were in fact leading what Madame Genlis calls "*La Vie de Château*." It was not necessary that any of those who were then at the Abbey at Reading should have crossed the channel to have known what France had been under the old régime. We were even then living according to the ancient spirit, and I have often, often marvelled how it was that we, the elder girls of the establishment, were preserved as we were from serious danger, and ever treated with high respect, though too often compared to "roses," "stars," and "jewels," and all that was beautiful and rare in nature. Of course this order of things could not have lasted long; it was too much out of the way of common discretion; but so long as I and my sister remained at the Abbey, no dark cloud rolled over the bright horizon. For years afterwards some particular tunes and airs reminded me of those happy days—days only the more interesting to my young fancy from the peculiar situation at the time of the affairs of France, and especially of the royal family. War had been already declared, and thus was a color given to the fate of many who seemed least connected with public affairs.

I could add much more to my reminiscences of Reading.—Pp. 118, 119.

She returned home well qualified to take her place in society; and as no one ever had advantages of any sort, however perilous or questionable, without valuing them, we find the following complacent notice:

The last year, and particularly the society I had kept, had made a change in me. I was not the same awkward girl I had been; and this was instantly pronounced by all who saw me. I had been much in high foreign society, and I had gained that something which can only be acquired by high society, and can never be given without frequent intercourse with good company, and perhaps I ought to add with a variety of good company. I was also then at an age when young people improve, if ever they do improve, in these respects.—Pp. 119, 120.

The year that followed this return commenced and ended with gaieties, and was, she says, "almost the first and the last year of any great vanity in her life." She was admired, and, we are led to infer, had beauty enough to make some little sensation.

And now she began to fulfil her father's literary aspirations, and was detected by him in the act of composition. He eagerly seized the papers, and was delighted with this fruit

of his own instructions. Eventually he made his daughter publish the novel on which she was engaged, though she had the wisdom to shrink and be averse to the publicity her name thus acquired. But the history of a first work should be told in the author's own words, that the pleasures and pains, never to be forgotten, of so interesting an occasion may be best apprehended: if the *pains* have undue prominence given to them the little self-delusion may be excused; the more as the memoir contains very little concerning her works or literary successes. There is reason to believe the "Mr. Smith" of the narrative to be her quondam tutor, Mr. St. Q.—

In the meantime I went on with "*The Traditions*," my father encouraging me, and everybody about me leading me to think myself most highly gifted by nature; and yet let it not be supposed that it was in the article of intellect that my vanity was most easily excited. But how shall I state the case, as I conceive it to have really been? Can I possibly do it? Can any one judge of the real state of his own feelings? I will try, however, as far as I can, to explain mine. My father had impressed upon me in very early years that I was to turn out what he called a genius; and, therefore, the idea was so familiar to me, and the conviction that it was so was a fact so strongly engraven upon my mind, that it never came upon me by surprise.

It was a matter of course to me that I was to write, and also a matter of instinct. My head was always busy in inventions, and it was a delight to me to write down these inventions. Fortunately, however, from circumstances, and especially from reading the papers in the "*Tatler*," respecting Miss Jenny Bickerstaff, I had a horror of being thought a literary lady; for it was, I fancied, ungraceful, unlike a heroine, and, in short, I did not at all desire to be known as an authoress. I was far less established in the idea of my own good looks than of my talents, and one word in favor of the latter was far more precious than thousands in praise of the former. I cannot but think now, that if my dear father did not entirely deceive himself as to my powers of imagination, he certainly formed a very false estimate respecting them; for the only work of mine he ever saw finished was "*The Traditions*," and assuredly that work, when completed for the press, exhibited a mind very, very far from maturity. These volumes were hardly finished, as to their first rough outline, when letters came announcing the total ruin of a dear friend—an event which had for some time been expected. Even now, though years are past, I do not desire to publish the name; suffice it, my readers have seen it mentioned in this diary, and they are very dull of comprehension if they cannot trace it out. But Mr. Smith, as I shall now call him, was in much need of money, and my beloved father proposed that my manuscript should be published by subscription for his benefit. My heart sunk at the proposition; to be thus forced into public before I was of age, to be set down so soon in that character which I had always

dreaded—as a Miss Jenny Bickerstaff. I was very unhappy; but then, again, to disappoint my father in his benevolent scheme, and to withhold a helping hand from the friend I so dearly loved was impossible. I could not, and I did not, utter a denial; but really and truly I was thoroughly vexed. Many, many tears I shed in private.—Pp. 124, 125.

For some reason Mr. Butt determined to return to his beautiful country living at Stanfield, leaving a curate at Kidderminster. This was rather a dull change for his daughters, used to so much society, the more as their mother's peculiarities, strengthened by indulgence, were evidently inimical to cheerfulness:

My sister and myself began now in a small degree to apprehend the effects of solitude on our mother. She liked to shut herself up from company, sitting much in her dressing-room, requiring us to amuse her. We procured books, and read a great deal, and got over every part of the twenty-four hours very well, with the exception of an hour or two at dusk. My dear mother loved this hour, and always put off having lights, and she had an objection to our sitting round near the fire and in short she made those hours very sad, and, I must honestly say, disagreeable to us. Between dinner and tea, at tea and after tea, we again did very well, because she loved to hear us read aloud; but she always hurried us to bed, and when alone with her, we never experienced anything of that little interval of cheerful conversation and freedom from restraint which in most families precedes the moment of separation and retirement for the night. Any stranger coming in would take away something of the weight of this restraint and therefore the presence of my uncle or Dr. Salt was a benefit which we hardly could prize too highly. As to my father, he certainly was often induced to go from home to get away from this restraint; and yet our gentle and kind mother was, I am convinced, to her very last moment, utterly unconscious of doing anything which could make anybody about her uncomfortable.—P. 133.

These duller home scenes were, however, interspersed by different excitements, the commencement of another novel, a season at Bath, and other matters. But now a more serious period of her life had arrived. In 1795 she lost her father, who was struck with palsy while he must yet have been almost in the prime of life, and died after a short illness, which was accompanied by all the painful circumstances of gradually clouding intellect which characterize that disorder. His loss was not only a severe one in itself, but was the commencement of a less cheerful plan of life, for Mrs. Butt, seized with the fear of poverty, and unused to act for herself, began a course of retrenchments congenial to no age, and especially chilling to youth. For a

while her eldest daughter resisted this influence by indulging herself in visits at Bath, in London, and elsewhere; but soon in a better spirit she settled down with her mother and sister in the dark and dismal house at Bridgenorth, where the former had chosen their residence. After recording some passages from her mother's journal on occasion of arriving at this unattractive home, she adds the following singular comment on her own oblivion of the feelings of the period; what must unretentive memories think of their spiritual state if such a theory can be proved:—

I have little or no recollection of what I myself thought, or felt, or said, or did at that time. And is it so, that the vain thoughts of the unregenerate child of Adam pass away from the memory and utterly perish, like the dreams of the night, which fly before the morning, and that the individual only begins really to live when the new and Divine nature is imparted? But it certainly has struck me with force, that in the early parts of my youth, where I have no journal to direct me, though I can recall many, many facts, I cannot remember much of anything of what I thought or how I felt on such and such occasions.—P. 161.

Though her present life at Bridgenorth was dull and uncongenial, she was not of a nature to be unhappy anywhere, and here was opened to her the first of those practical means of usefulness to others, beyond her home circle, for which she was so well suited. The curate of their parish suggested to her and to her sister that they should take charge of a Sunday School. They threw themselves into this good work with a great deal of energy, and no doubt with unusual talent, as is shown by the lasting influence for good they obtained over their pupils. Our authoress looking back on this "legal" part of her career, has many caustic remarks to make on the small self-denials which characterize this stage of her history. Not only did they teach their pupils, but made clothes for them, and grudged money for any other object than the benefit of the poor who were then suffering under the extraordinary severities of the winter of 1801. For the use of her pupils she now wrote her first story for the poor, and amongst her most successful. Many may doubt the use or even propriety of so circumstantial a story as "Susan Grey," on such a critical and delicate subject, but we believe it was suited for the peculiar temptations of the time for which it was written, and it was received with wonderful favor by the public. She has to apologize in her autobiography for its theology, or rather to renounce it in toto; which we are not surprised at, for even in its amended form some fifteen years after its publication, this story still retains a certain sedate orthodox, tone, very un-

congenial with the authoress's later, we will not say maturer, works, for this quality of maturity was not to be attained by her. At this time we find the following statement of her religious condition:—

"There was evidently all this time a very strong contest going on in my mind, between the love of the world and a sense of the sin and vanity of that love. There is a period in the lives of all young girls in which they are flattered. The peculiar trial of our youth was, that my mother seldom if ever went out with us, to be our guard, and after a while she only permitted us to go out separately. There are memorandums in my old journal, from which I am taking this history, of one of these flatteries, followed by this prayer:—"Oh! my God! others may love the world, but I will follow Thee; others may follow the pleasures of this life, but I will be contented to take up my cross and follow Thee, and I will be numbered among the holy men and prophets and apostles of old."

"Then follows, the next day, a thanksgiving for having been enabled to do my duty to my God, and for having been patient, submissive, and cheerful. Here we find a double deception; first, in the resolutions formed of doing all things well, and, secondly, in the persuasion, which seems to have been entertained the next day, that all things had been so done, so far as occasion had served.

"The lesson, therefore, which in due time must be learnt by all, that man is nothing, and that God is all in all, was still to be acquired by me from its very commencement."—P. 220.

And soon after are recorded some rules, written on occasion of her mother's leaving home for a time. We are far from disputing that possibly something may have been wrong, that there may have been trusting in self at this time, yet such strivings (we fully believe earnest strivings) after a religious and consistent life must create an interest in the framer of them:—

"As soon as she was gone, I wrote a set of rules to be kept in her absence. 1. To rise as early as I can awake. 2. To spend my time in prayer till my mother is up. 3. To devote certain hours to my mother. 4. To read my Bible after breakfast. 5. Never to walk in the streets but when sent by my mother, or when any poor people require. 6. To go to church every Wednesday or Friday. 7. Never to indulge a worldly thought. All these rules were very well meant, and some of them perfectly right, but all were built upon a false estimation of my own powers, and a false apprehension of the Divine plans with man. As a matter of course, the account of the few next days, in which I was left alone with my mother, was only a record of the breaking sometimes of one, sometimes of another, and sometimes of all these resolutions."—P. 221.

These mystic allusions to the "Divine plans with man," and the like, must, we conclude, have some reference to her recent universalist views, for ordinary Christians must believe it part of the divine plan that men should lead holy lives.

In 1803 she married her cousin, Henry Sherwood, to whose singular adventures one chapter of this work is devoted. His father, having chosen to reside in France, the son got entangled, while quite a boy, in the difficulties, and finally, in the horrors of the French Revolution, from which he escaped, at the age of from eighteen to twenty, to England, in an absolutely destitute condition. The story from his own journal recalls to us Dickens's hero in a similar predicament. Some little money had been lent to him for his passage by some friend of his father's, so it chanced he was not penniless when he neared the home of his relations, by whom he could not hope to be recognized:—

"Imagine me, then, dressed like a beggar, with my foraging cap, my old dusty black coat, minus one skirt, with no stockings nor neckerchief, asking admission on a Sunday evening at a neat tea-drinking public-house. It was no wonder they would not receive me. Exhausted and heart-broken, within ten or eleven miles of the end of my journey, having gone through so much, and now so unkindly used near home, I fell fainting at the door.

"When, after a while forgetting my sorrows, I came to myself, I found that I had been taken into the house and tenderly treated, but I did not dare tell my history there, for I was afraid, though I repeatedly said that I had no need of money.

"I recollect they gave me brandy-and-water, and I passed a quiet night, and in the morning I proceeded on foot.

"I had been taught by my father that if I showed myself in Coventry in my worn-out dress, that our family would be disgraced for ever.—My business was now to get to a great-aunt, my grandfather's sister, in such a manner as not to be known hereafter. How foolish we all are! just as if any persons were thinking of me, or troubling their heads to recognize Henry Sherwood in the travel-soiled, wayworn beggar that I then appeared. The skin being changed, the whole animal was changed also in an instant, for I had not the manners of the beggar. But I was very ill, and I often stopped and rested.—Once, whilst leaning against a milestone, a post-chaise passed, in which were two young ladies and a gentleman. The young ladies laughed at me, pointing me out, saying, "See that drunken lad."

"I was very much hurt at this remark; but I met these same young ladies at my grandmother's within the week, and they had no idea I was the same poor wretch leaning against the milestone, and I kept the story to myself.

"At Nuneaton I bought a pair of stockings,

and smartened myself up as well as I could. I at length entered Coventry; but I had now forgotten the streets, and no wonder, for I had not been there since I was seven years old. The street, indeed, I at last found, but not the house. I knew, indeed, where my trustee lived, for his house was very large; my grandfather had built it, and it was called the Priory, and was sufficiently marked by its iron gates, and its relative situation to S. Michael's and Trinity Churches; but here I was ashamed to go.

"My old great-aunt I remembered well, and I walked along the street, looking in at each window to see her; at length I did see her dear old face, and I knocked very lightly and humbly at the door. It was opened, and there stood Susan—Sukey they always called her—she had been in the family before I was born. She did not know me; but was shutting to the door with "Go to the mayor, go." "I—I—I am Henry Sherwood," I said.

"Of course I was at once admitted, and at once taken to bed. The surgeon was summoned and he pronounced my disease the scarlet fever, and I lost all recollection for days."—Pp. 212—214.

This romantic introduction to the notice of his English friends would no doubt be a powerful recommendation to his cousin Mary, who was his senior by some two years. He was evidently struck with her from the first, and saw as much of her as he could. He entered the army when of age, and joined the 53d regiment, then stationed in the West Indies. Five years later, on his return, he made his offer, and in the same year they were married, not then knowing that the ultimate destination of his regiment was the East Indies. The marriage was a most happy one. Hers was the influencing mind; perhaps she could not have been very happy under any other arrangement, and we gather throughout, in her tone of tender patronage towards her husband, that this was acknowledged by both. It was so when she first led him to the daily reading of the Bible with her, though he had shocked her soon after their union by a confession that he did not fully believe its contents; it was so still, when she set him to work an old man with abundance of leisure, to learn Hebrew and make an Hebrew Concordance, which she says "has prevented him from spending many and many a weary hour," adding, complacently, "he has worked at it now for many years, and is going through it the second time for correction." How many husbands with nothing to do would be the better for wives so ingenious in suggestions of employment! A great deal of active service was however to intervene between these two periods, in which we may gather that Captain Sherwood did his own duty well.

Nearly two years elapsed between their marriage and sailing for India, in which she

experienced the vicissitudes and changes a soldier's wife must make up her mind to, and for which she was well-suited. She was still deeply engaged on the subject of religion, which, according to her natural temperament, she pursued in a very energetic spirit:—

"My religious duties I chose to make very laborious at Sunderland. Here I had comparatively few interruptions, and much time for observing my rules. There are twenty-one daily tasks, self-appointed in my journal. Six of these are forms of prayer, three are Bible readings, and the other eleven are more secular. At this place I began to study the Bible in a regular way, though in much darkness."—P. 250.

A great trial came, when she had to decide to leave her baby in England, and as the maternal instinct was strong in her, and she was moreover a baby lover in its widest sense, having an impulse to adopt every motherless baby that came in her way, it must have been a very keen one. Her journal written after this heavy parting, records a little lament with more simplicity, pathos, and poetry in it, than her inventive faculty in itself had ever power to conceive:—

"The last time I saw my Mary," I find written in my journal, "she was sitting on her nurse's lap. She was eleven months and eighteen days old. Oh, my baby! my little baby! She could then walk a few paces alone. She could call mamma, and tell me what the lambs said. Oh, this state of bereavement—this parting—this life in which we are as dead to each other! My mother, my sister, you who have taken my infant under your care, you will feel for her and be tender with her. My babe will be brought up amongst lambs and flowers, among sweet woods and hills, near where her mother, who will then be far away, was brought up. She will be educated in the fear of God, if she lives; if not, she will be taken to her Heavenly Father's bosom.—My beloved baby—oh, my God! bless my baby."—P. 267.

And now commences her Indian life, which takes up at least half the volume, and contains the scenes of greatest interest in the narrative. The history of the voyage to Madras is given at full length, for our authoress, prolix always, is not likely to have mended in later life, nor to have grown more discriminating in the choice of subjects best suited for the public ear, and yet it must in all autobiographers be difficult indeed to decide on what is or is not worth telling, and this first half of the volume which we have already gone through, containing only the record of an ordinary domestic life, with no adventures beyond what may fall to any lot (for some changes there must be in all) presents this difficulty, in a peculiar degree, which only a very lively and graphic style can get over. A charming style

carries us pleasantly along, wherever a writer chooses to take us; but the histories of family gatherings and dispersings, the changes from town to country and from country to town, the details of journeys, the stoppages at inns, the meals, the delays, the chance companions of an hour, the little slights and little compliments, and little differences of early life, told after an interval of fifty years, in a flow of very common-place words, each incident accompanied by an appropriate religious or moral reflection—make up a book of very moderate attractions; and if our readers have followed us so far with any degree of interest they must bless the art of selection and abridgement, which gives them this pleasure at so small a cost of time and patience. Most persons engaged in the task of autobiography have mingled amongst persons well known and remarkable in some way, but it was not so with our authoress,—a call on Mrs. Hannah More, a morning visit to Mrs. E. Hamilton, a sight of Mrs. Carter, and a dinner with Paley, all briefly recorded, are hitherto almost all the well-known names we can call to mind. It was different in India, where her own life was one necessarily of more novelty, where her peculiar gifts of active benevolence found ample and yet judicious exercise, and where she was admitted to the intimacy of men distinguished throughout the church for their zealous labors for the propagation of the Gospel of Christ. The first work in India must be the domestic one of forming an establishment, and as Mr. Sherwood's income was ample, theirs was on the usual scale of that magnificent country. But though thus relieved from every household care but that of superintendence, and, as we learn afterwards, abandoning the use of her needle for many and many a year, indolence was never one of her temptations, not even under the first influence of the heat and luxury of the new climate. Her passion was education, and very praiseworthy were her efforts for the good of all the children who at all came within her sphere. We find very early this notice:—

"In agreement with what were then my ideas of the necessity of works for salvation, instead of taking the rest in Fort William which my health and situation required, I began, after a few days, to instruct William Durham, the same little boy whom I had taught to read in 'The Devonshire.' I soon added another pupil, the still dearly beloved child of a friend of my husband and myself, George, the eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Whetstone, of our corps."—P. 295.

So "dark" was she at this period, as she informs us, that she has to record the anxieties which visited her on the subject of the baptism of the child whose birth she was looking for-

ward to, lest there should be no ordained minister at Singapore to confer this blessing. She made it the subject of prayer, and the prayer was granted, for a clergyman of the Church of England chanced to be at the station at the time of the birth of her first-born son.

The careless irreligious habits of the English residents in India grieved her at this time deeply, and no doubt her influence in correcting Sunday desecration, and other errors of a like nature, was exercised for good.

"I was, however, very uneasy at the sad way in which our Sundays were spent; but I could not prevail immediately to have things altered.

"About this time a plan was formed, without any trouble on my part, for the establishment of a regimental school, and as this school afterwards formed a very prominent feature in my Indian life, I think it necessary to explain somewhat particularly how the affair originated. There was at that time no provision made by government for the instruction of the children of soldiers; but this year at a dinner party, but at whose house I cannot say, the subject being discussed, Mr. Sherwood and myself at once offered to receive the children in our quarters, if it was agreed upon that a school should be established, and Mr. Sherwood offered his clerk to assist me in the undertaking.

"The children were only to be present from eight till twelve every day, quite drudgery enough in that climate, and rather too much for me in some respects, as I was never without a baby whilst I was in India."—P. 303.

This school, which at first consisted of eighteen pupils, soon increased to forty or fifty, consisting chiefly of the children from the barracks, and a very trying provoking little class they were, from the neglect, and the knowledge of evil in which they were trained; but such difficulties were never allowed to be any hindrance to her. It was about this time, after the birth of another child, and while sadly watching the death-bed of her first-born, that we meet with the following assertion:—

"I cannot exactly say at what time, but it was either in this month of May or of June, that, one day in conversation with our chaplain, I betrayed my total ignorance respecting the doctrine of human depravity. I seemed at times to have been astonished and dismayed by my own depravity, and this uneasiness was, of course, greatly increased by the idea which I entertained, that other religious people were free from my infirmities.

"It would be strange to think how I could have remained thus blind to this doctrine when reading the Bible, as I did every day, if we did not see this same blindness frequently at this time amongst well-meaning people.

"Our Chaplain was undoubtedly my first teacher (through the Divine Spirit) of this very

essential truth, that man's nature is depraved, for he admitted this doctrine as explained in our ninth Article."—Pp. 321, 322.

We do not know what to say to such statements as these. If a person is aware of her own depravity of heart, one great practical use of the doctrine is at least hers, nor can we understand a constant and careful reader of the Bible being ignorant to the degree she asserts, with such admonitions too, from her own conscience. Those in any way acquainted with her writings, and with the harsh technicalities of her phraseology in enforcing the doctrine of human depravity upon her childish readers, must suspect that she dates more from a formula she began to use from that time, than from the first moment of conviction; her mind being no doubt open to deep religious impressions in the anguish of parting from her child. She was assisted, too, to dwell upon the thoughts by which she considers a happy stroke of imagination in personifying original sin in her "Infant Pilgrim's Progress," a little work on which she was then engaged.

It must be familiar to all Mrs. Sherwood's readers, that the commonest device in her plots is the adopting of orphans—a very rare occurrence in actual life, and which certainly adds to that air of unreality which characterizes all her stories. It is satisfactory to find that this benevolent impulse which she attributes to mankind in general, was at least real in her husband and herself, and that they largely acted on the principle, (whether suited for general practice or not) which she so forcibly recommends. The idea first occurred to her husband after the death of their little Henry, though it could not be immediately carried out:—

"I often used to weep over my lovely, solitary Lucy. I felt very sad that this, my third child, should be alone, without brother or sister, and I permitted this regret one day to escape me in the presence of Mr. Sherwood. He was so much affected by my sorrow, that he made me a proposal which much pleased me, and which just suited my feelings. 'Would you,' he said, 'like to adopt a little orphan from the barracks, some little motherless child, who might be a companion to our Lucy?' I rejoiced greatly when Mr. Sherwood made this kind proposition to me, and he immediately left me to make inquiries for an orphan child in the barracks.

"I can give no account of the feeling which led me so eagerly to accept his proposal, for I still had one child left with me, and I was of an age to suppose I might have many more; neither did I then thoroughly understand the condition of white orphans in India. But all that I can now say is, that it pleased God (in whose hands are the hearts of all men) so at that time to fill my heart with feelings of pity for little children, that there was no length which I would not have

gone to serve them, babies especially."—Pp. 329, 330.

However, no orphan was now to be found of an age or sex suited for her need. It was on their change of station on the route to Benares that they stopped at Dinapore and became acquainted with Henry Martyn, with whom they subsequently grew very intimate. Such an interest hangs over every record of this ardent loving spirit, that to us the few notices of him form the most engaging part of the volume, illustrating as they do, even the slightest of them, the depth and beauty of those Christian graces by which his course was actuated. Not that Mrs. Sherwood can profess entire sympathy with him; she considers him, on the contrary, in the dark, in a great many points. She thus describes her first introduction to him:—

"Mr. Martyn received Mr. Sherwood not as a stranger, but as a brother,—the child of the same father. As the sun was already low, he must needs walk back with him to see me. I perfectly remember the figure of that simple-hearted and holy young man, when he entered our budge-row.

"He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with Divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features, and thought of their shape or form,—the out-beaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness, and in these particulars this journal does not give a graphic account of this blessed child of God. . . .

"Mr. Martyn invited us to visit him at his quarters at Dinapore, and we agreed to accept his invitation the next day. Mr. Martyn's house was destitute of every comfort, though he had multitudes of people about him. I had been troubled with a pain in my face, and there was not such a thing as a pillow in the house. I could not find anything to lay my head on at night but a bolster, stuffed as hard as a pin-cushion. We had not, as is usual in India, brought our own bedding from the boats. Our kind friend had given us his own room: but I could get no rest during the two nights of my remaining there, from the pain in my face, which was irritated by the bolster; but during each day, however, there was much for the mind to feed upon with delight. After breakfast Mr. Martyn had family prayers, which he commenced by singing a hymn. He had a rich, deep voice, and a fine taste for vocal music. After singing he read a chapter, explained parts of it, and prayed

extempore. Afterwards he withdrew to his studies and translations. The evening was finished with another hymn, scripture reading, and prayers.

"The conversion of the natives and the building up of the kingdom of Christ were the great objects for which alone that child of God seemed to exist then, and, in fact, for which he died.—His views on these subjects were then what were entertained by all religious persons in England—views which are, I believe, generally entertained under various modifications by those who are called evangelical."—Pp. 338, 339.

Here follows a long misty passage on the millennium, involving some of her most questionable opinions, but too obscurely for general comprehension. She continues:—

"Influenced by the belief that man's ministry was the instrumentality which, by the Holy Spirit, would be made effectual to the work, we found him laboring beyond his strength, and doing all in his power to excite other persons to use the same exertions. How far they influenced us may be seen in the sequel. I can recollect that it was chiefly whilst walking with him on the Plain, on the Saturday and Sunday evenings, that he opened his mind to us on these subjects; explaining his various plans, and the difficulties he had already met with in other matters relative to religion, which I do not exactly now remember.

"This, however, I can never forget, that Henry Martyn was one of the very few persons whom I have ever met who appeared never to be drawn away from one leading and prevailing object of interest, and that object was the promotion of religion. He did not appear like one who felt the necessity of contending with the world and denying himself its delights, but rather as one who was unconscious of the existence of any attractions in the world, or of any delights which were worthy of his notice. When he relaxed from his labors in the presence of his friends, it was to play and laugh like an innocent, happy child, more especially if children were present to play and laugh with him."—P. 340.

In the course of the same journey she became acquainted with Mr. Corrie, the great friend of Henry Martyn, afterwards Bishop of Madras, of whom also a most agreeable impression of zeal and amiable simplicity of life is given. When established at Cawnpore, the barrack school was established, and very hard Mrs. Sherwood worked in it. In a country where most English ladies thought themselves exonerated by the climate from every unnecessary exertion, it was something for a woman who might have indulged herself in every pleasure that idleness or society could give, to apply herself to the real drudgery of a school with the patient perseverance she did, hearing four classes every day—herself clothing many of the most destitute, urging upon others the duty of helping in the cause, placing out

orphans in some cases, and taking them into her own house in others, and at the same time neglecting no domestic duties, acting in all things with her husband's cordial sanction and cooperation, and tenderly devoted to her own children, whose early death in two instances were her great sorrow. These are acts which must be admired, and which must receive our approbation. After describing the reception into her own family of two interesting little orphan girls, one of whom, Annie Childe, makes a considerable figure in this part of the book, and the circumstances which led her to adopt them, we have the following incident, which gives us a good idea of the power of her influence amongst the people around her, and the way in which it worked. Hearing of a motherless baby in the regiment, who was supposed to be ill-treated and starved by the woman who had taken it in charge:—

Having Mr. Sherwood's consent to all I did, I sent, the next morning, to the barracks to desire the woman who had the care of Serjeant Pownall's infant, to come and bring the child to me, which, however unwilling she might be, she did not dare to refuse; and so well was I known that even the father could have scarcely withheld the child from me had he wished it. I perfectly remember the time, and where I stood when the babe was brought in. I was in the nursery; Mrs. Parker, some black women, and also the bearer who attended the children, were with me. It was noon-day, and I had dismissed the school. The soldier's wife, as I said, was brought before me; she was young, sandy complexion, and hair inclined to red—a coarse and disagreeable person; in her arms she carried the child; the skin about the infant's mouth was stretched until the mouth and teeth were quite prominent; the cheeks were fallen in, the eyes staring, and the whole physiognomy that of the most eager famine. The little creature was very pale, and had very light and soft hair. The child wore a white muslin frock, which had been hastily put on, and there were little, long sleeves rudely attached to the short ones. The frock was clean, but the child had no other garment than the frock. The woman looked defiance at us all when I put the question to her: "Is this child ill?" "Yes," she answered, "very ill." "I do not think it," I said; and going near to the baby to examine her more closely, she stretched out her arms to me and struggled faintly. Those little arms, and that little eager, helpless appeal, was rendered effectual by Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, to turn and direct them to his own purposes. "And now," I said to the woman, having received the little one in my arms, "now you may go; the child needs you no more." She refused to go without the babe, and would have been very impertinent, had not the white women, with the other servants, taken up the cause, and the bearer very quietly followed her till he saw her without the gates. I must just add, that the father expressed himself truly grateful. The woman was no sooner gone than Mrs. Parker

began to provide for the baby's comfort. She first bathed and dressed her; and, as the poor child had not power to sit up straight, we laid her on a little mattress, and we procured an Ayar to attend her; we gave her, from time to time, a few spoonfuls of very light food, such as we made for the youngest baby; but for weeks she was so ravenous that she would have eaten everything which she could lay her little hands upon. We found, very soon, that the child had no disease whatever, and that she was suffering merely from famine, though the wretched woman had persuaded the father that she was very ill. As I said above, he was very thankful for all I was doing for his child, and deeply grieved when he knew of her past sufferings.—Pp. 346-7.

At Cawnpore they were again so fortunate as to have Henry Martyn appointed chaplain of that station. She describes his arrival, brought in fainting after a long journey in the intense heat, the consequence of which was a fever, which detained him long at their house, and led of course to increased intimacy; for the warmth and friendliness of his nature, his delight in social intercourse, if at all congenial, the blending of love of God and love of man, which make his character shine out with such peculiar sweetness in every record of him, must have made a welcome and delightful guest.

The strivings after holiness of life, the morbid self-scrutiny, the sad notices of temptation, and inward struggles against the evil of his nature, which that singular record, his journal,—so valuable as a mind's true picture, so dangerous if taken as a model for general imitation,—brings to light, win even more of our sympathy, when we learn how pure, how gentle, how patient and cheerful, how beaming with Christian love the whole life of this man showed itself to all admitted to the privilege of intercourse with him. It is the simplicity of his character which these memoirs bring out: showing how naturally and unaffectedly he could adapt himself to every scene,—how readily resign himself to all circumstances—

When Mr. Martyn got a little better he became very cheerful, and seemed quite happy with us all about him. He commonly lay on his couch in the hall during the morning, with many books near to his hand; and, amongst these, always a Hebrew Bible and a Greek Testament. Soon, very soon, he began to talk to me of what was passing in his mind, calling to me at my table to tell me his thoughts. He was studying the Hebrew characters, having an idea, which I believe is not a new one, that these characters contain the elements of all things, though I have reason to suppose he could not make them out at all to his satisfaction; but whenever anything occurred to him, he must needs make it known to me

In a very few days he had discerned the sweet qualities of the orphan Annie, and had so en-

couraged her to come about him that she drew her chair, and her table, and her green box to the vicinity of his couch. She showed him her verses, and consulted him about the adoption of more passages into the number of her favorites. Annie had a particular delight in all the pastoral views, given in Scripture, of our Saviour and of his church; and when Mr. Martyn showed her this beautiful passage: "Feed Thy people with Thy rod, the flock of Thine heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood in the midst of Carmel" (Mic. 7: 14), she was as pleased with this passage as if she had made some wonderful acquisition. As I have remarked in the history of my Indian orphans, what could have been more beautiful than to see the senior wrangler and the almost infant Annie thus conversing together, whilst the elder seemed to be in no way conscious of any condescension in bringing down his mind to the level of the child's?—Pp. 357-8.

He soon formed acquaintance with the few religious soldiers of the regiment, and established certain extempore private services with them, of which we find mention in his journals: for the peculiar practices of the school in which he had grown zealous for the truth were preserved in by him. These men had at first to go through a good deal of persecution in their regiment, on account of their religion; but the influence of the colonel, rightly exerted, stopped this. It is remarked, that when all difficulties were thus overcome, many who had been most zealous under persecution fell quite away and never returned.

I must not omit, in this place, another anecdote of Mr. Martyn, which amused us much at the time, after we had recovered the alarm attending it. The salary of a chaplain is large, and Mr. Martyn had not drawn his for so long a time, that the sum amounted, perhaps, to some hundreds. He was to receive it from the collector at Cawnpore. Accordingly, he one morning sent a note for the amount, confiding the note to the care of a common cooley—a porter of low caste, generally a very poor man. This man went off, unknown to Mr. Sherwood and myself, early in the morning. The day passed, the evening came, and no cooley arrived. At length Mr. Martyn said, in a quiet voice, to us: "The cooley does not come with my money. I was thinking, this morning, how rich I should be; and now, I should not wonder in the least if he has not run off, and taken my treasure with him." "What!" we exclaimed, "surely you have not sent a common cooley for your pay?" "I have," he replied. Of course we could not expect that it would ever arrive safe; for it would be paid in silver, and delivered to the man in cotton bags. Soon afterwards, however, it did arrive, a circumstance at which we all greatly marvelled.—P. 360.

The Arab Sabat, the Christian convert employed by him to assist in his translation of the Scriptures, formed at this time part of his household. This man's subsequent apostasy

and frightful death must be familiar to most of our readers. There was a certain wild ferocity about him, and total disregard of truth at this time, which made him an object of suspicion, though his talents for his work and his religious professions, which could not be wholly hypocritical, enabled him to maintain such a hold over his employer, as certainly betrays both want of natural discernment, and the use of false tests in matters spiritual. One of his uses, however, to Henry Martyn seems to have been by his caprices and ingratitude, to strengthen and refine his great gift of patience. The description of a learned missionary's household is thus given :

It was a burning evening in June, when, after sunset, I accompanied Mr. Sherwood to Mr. Martyn's bungalow, and saw, for the first time, its avenue of palms and aloes. We were conducted to the cherbuter, where the company was already assembled, among which there was no lady but myself. This cherbuter was many feet square, and chairs were set for the guests ; and a more heterogeneous assembly surely had not often met, and seldom, I believe, were more languages in requisition in so small a party. Besides Mr. Martyn and ourselves, there was no one present who could speak English. But let me introduce each individual separately ; and first, Sabat, for whose physiognomy I recommend my readers to study any old sign of the Saracen's head which may chance to be in his neighborhood. Every feature in the large disk of Sabat's face was what we should call exaggerated. His eyebrows were arched, black, and strongly pencilled ; his eyes dark and round, and from time to time flashing with unobscured emotion, and ready to kindle into flame on the most trifling occasion. His nose was high, his mouth wide, his teeth large and looked white in contrast with his bronzed complexion and fierce black moustaches. He was a large and powerful man, and generally wore a skull-cap of rich shawling, or embroidered silk, with circular flaps of the same hanging over each ear. His large tawny throat and neck had no other covering than that afforded by his beard, which was black. His attire was a kind of jacket of silk, with long sleeves, fastened by a girdle or girle about his loins, to which was appended a jewelled dirk. He wore loose trousers, and embroidered shoes turned up at the toes. In the cold season he threw over this a wrapper lined with fur ; and when it was warmer, the fur was changed for silk. When to this costume is added ear-rings, and sometimes a golden chain, the Arab stands before you in his complete state of Oriental dandyism. This son of the desert never sat in a chair without contriving to tuck up his legs under him on the seat, in attitude very like a tailor on his board. The only languages which he was able to speak were Persian, Arabic, and a very little bad Hindostanee ; but what was wanting in the words of this man, was more than made up by the loudness with which he uttered them, for he had a voice like rolling thunder. When it is understood that loud utterance is considered an ingredient of respect in the East, we cannot suppose that one

who had been much in native courts should think it necessary to modulate his voice in the presence of the English Sahib Lognes. The second of Mr. Martyn's guests, whom I must introduce as being not a whit behind Sabat in his own opinion of himself, was the Padre Julius Cæsar, an Italian monk of the order of the Jesuits, a worthy disciple of Ignatius Loyola. Mr. Martyn had become acquainted with him at Patna, where the Italian priest was not less zealous and active in making proselytes than the Company's Chaplain, and probably much more wise and subtle in his movements than the latter. The Jesuit was a handsome young man, and dressed in the complete costume of the monk, with his little skull-cap, his flowing robes, and his cord. The materials, however, of his dress, were very rich : his robe was of the finest purple satin, and his cord of twisted silk, and his rosary of costly stones, whilst his air and manner were extremely elegant. He spoke French fluently, and there Mr. Sherwood was at home with him, but his native language was Italian. His conversation with Mr. Martyn was carried on partly in Latip and partly in Italian. A third guest was a learned native of India, in his full and handsome Hindostanee costume ; and a fourth, a little, thin, copper-colored, half-caste Bengalee gentleman, in white nankeen, who spoke only Bengalee. Mr. Sherwood made a fifth, in his scarlet and gold uniform ; myself, the only lady, was the sixth ; and add our host, Mr. Martyn, in his clerical black silk coat, and there is our party. Most assuredly I never listened to such a confusion of tongues before or since. Such a noisy, perplexing Babel can scarcely be imagined. Every one who had acquired his views of politeness in Eastern society was shouting at the top of his voice, as if he had lost his fellow in a wood ; and no less than seven languages were in constant request, viz. English, French, Italian, Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee, Bengalee, and Latin.—P. 366-368.

In speaking of the many interesting conversations held about this time with Mr. Martyn and his friends, on the state and prospects of religion in India, and its more intimate concern with each soul, our authoress, alluding mysteriously, as she often does, to the new light since vouchsafed to her, says :—

I now ask, after many years—And did these glowing, and I believe, heavenly-inspired hopes of these children of God fall short of the truth of what shall really be ? Yes ; for, inasmuch as the nature of man is limited, he cannot comprehend the boundless love of the Divinity. We believed that this world, at some future time, should be a holy world ; and this I still believe ; but I thank God that I have ceased to believe that man, unaided by the Spirit, can accomplish this mighty work, for I now know that God alone can do it. Is it not asked, "When our Lord shall come, shall he find faith on the earth ?" We walked then as mere babes ; and yet, I humbly trust, as children having been brought to desire to do their Father's will.—P. 375.

What Christian ever thought that man, unaided by the Spirit, "could do any mighty work?" But we quote this as showing the sort of assumption of inspiration which frequently occurs.

The reader of Mr. Martyn's journal must be aware of innumerable passages in which he laments and reproaches himself for the difficulty he finds in introducing religious conversation into general society. He had not arrived at the age for independent thought on such matters, and desired to act out the principles and practice of the party in the church of which he was so bright an ornament. We must hope and believe, however, that had he lived he would have greatly modified his ideas in this respect, and proportionably changed his practice. It ought to cost a man some effort to discourse on the soul's most momentous concerns: in all deep minds it must ever do so; but with fluent shallow talkers nothing is more easy, and in intercourse with such a mind as his nothing more delightful. There could be no deep sympathy—we, reading both their inner thoughts, may pronounce positively that there was none—between Henry Martyn and Mrs. Sherwood; but there was apparent agreement, and may she not at this period, and under the sanction at least of his practice, have begun to acquire that ease and decision in treating religious matters which, expressed in her shallow thoughtless style, often produce such insufferable results, as well to our tastes as to our deeper instincts? Common minds admitted into close intercourse with superior ones, are apt not so much to appreciate the true nature of the privilege as to value themselves upon it, and to assume a certain intellectual elevation. Henry Martyn's confessions to her, from the experiences of his inmost heart, of sin warring in him, in spite of a renewed nature, may have resulted in Mrs. Sherwood in such flippant enunciations of the doctrine of original sin as we find everywhere in her books, such as "Yes, we are then all murderers, my dear young people," and innumerable other similar off-hand unrealized assertions, more likely to provoke a smile in "the dear young people" than to touch the heart or conscience.

The birth of another daughter so far decided her on leaving her husband and returning to England with her infant, that they repaired to Calcutta, and were on the point of securing her passage. As a last thought, she consulted the leading physician there, and he gave it as his opinion that the child might live for some years in India; and then follows some, no doubt, valuable experience on the treatment of English children in that climate, chiefly gathered from the observation of native women. The child did live; and on their return to Cawnpore we have more particulars of Hen-

ry Martyn and his system with the natives. He had a Sunday evening congregation of beggars, whom he *paid* for their attendance—a proceeding watched somewhat jealously by the government authorities, who had then a strange dread of interfering with the heathenism around them.

Another of Mr. Martyn's works at Cawnpore during the late cold season, was collecting together and preaching to the Yogees and Fakeers, a sort of persons who abound in every part of India, persons, who, under the thin veil of superstition, are thieves, rogues, and murderers, the very vilest of the vile. It was whilst we were absent that he commenced this strange and apparently unpromising labor. Every Sunday evening the gates of his compound were opened, and every one admitted who chose to come, and then placing himself on his cherbutter, he from thence addressed these people. These Fakeers and Yogees (Mussulmaun and Hindoo saints) are organized bodies, having their king or supreme in every district. They amount to hundreds in every large station, and as it has lately been better understood, act in concert to gull the people. Even we English, in all our pretended wisdom, have been often deceived by them, as well as the poor ignorant natives. I remember once seeing a man standing by the river side, who was said to have stood there in one attitude for many years, until his beard and his nails had grown to an enormous length, and the very birds had built their nests in his hair. We, of course, marvelled not a little at this prodigy; but we did not suspect, what has since been discovered, that this appearance is always kept up by three or four persons who combine together to relieve guard, watching their opportunities to make the exchange when no eye is upon them. But horrid as these standing and sitting objects make themselves by wigs and false beards of matted hair, and a thick plaster of cow-dung, they are not worse, if so bad, as many that move about the country, demanding alms from the superstitious or ignorant people. The various contrivances with which they create wonder and excite compassion can hardly be believed in a Christian country. Sometimes Mr. Martyn's garden has contained as many as five hundred of these people on a Sunday evening, and as I dare not let my imagination loose to describe them, I will copy from my Indian journals what I have written of them. "No dreams nor visions excited in the delirium of a raging fever can surpass these realities. These devotees vary in age and appearance; they are young and old, male and female, bloated and weakened, tall and short, athletic and feeble; some clothed with abominable rags; some nearly without clothes; some plastered with mud and cow-dung; others with matted, uncombed locks streaming down to their heels; others with heads bald or scabby, every countenance being hard and fixed, as it were, by the continual indulgence of bad passions, the features having become exaggerated, and the lips blackened with tobacco, or blood red with the juice of the henna. But these and such as these form only the general mass of the people; there are among them

still more distinguished monsters. One little man generally comes in a small cart drawn by a bullock; his body and limbs are so shrivelled as to give, with his black skin and large head, the appearance of a gigantic frog. Another has his arm fixed above his head, the nail of the thumb piercing through the palm of the hand; another, and a very large man, has his ribs and the bones of his face externally traced with white chalk, which, striking the eye in relief above the dark skin, makes him appear, as he approaches, like a moving skeleton.—Pp. 409, 410.

This wild congregation he instructed in the moral law, and went over the Ten Commandments with them, very frequently interrupted with groans and curses. No apparent fruit resulted to them from these efforts, but he was cheered the last Sunday of his stay at that station, by finding that his discourses had made a deep impression on a young Mussulman, who, with his companions, had amused themselves by watching the scene, much at their ease, from a summer-house on the wall. This was Abdool Messeeh, afterwards distinguished for the earnest and consistent devotion of his whole life to the service of Christ.

We often went, too, on the Sunday evenings, to hear the addresses of Mr. Martyn to the assembly of mendicants, and we generally stood behind him on the cherbuter. On these occasions we had to make our way through a dense crowd, with a temperature often rising above 92°, whilst the sun poured its burning rays upon us through a lurid haze of dust. Frightful were the objects which usually met our eyes in this crowd; so many monstrous and diseased limbs, and hideous faces were displayed before us, and pushed forward for our inspection, that I have often made my way to the cherbuter with my eyes shut, whilst Mr. Sherwood led me. On reaching the platform I was surrounded by our own people, and yet even there I scarcely dared to look about me. I still imagine that I hear the calm, distinct, and musical tones of Henry Martyn, as he stood raised above the people, endeavoring, by showing the purity of the Divine law, to convince the unbelievers that by their works they were all condemned; and that this was the case of every man of the offspring of Adam, and they therefore needed a Saviour who was both willing and able to redeem them. From time to time low murmurs and curses would arise in the distance, and then roll forward, till they became so loud as to drown the voice of this pious one, generally concluding with hissings and fierce cries. But when the storm passed away, again might be heard going on where he left off, in the same calm, steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption.

Mr. Martyn himself assisted in giving each person his *pice* after the address was concluded; and when he withdrew to his bungalow I have seen him drop, almost fainting, on a sofa, for he had, as he often said, even at that time, a slow inflammation burning in his chest, and one which he knew must eventually terminate his existence.

In consequence of this he was usually in much pain after any exertion of speaking.—Pp. 416, 417.

There are other more domestic insights into his character which we cannot retain from our readers, though at the risk of seeming to depart too long from our main subject:—

We spent some hours every morning during the early part of the month of September in taking short voyages on the river; for Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Martyn, and Mr. Corrie hired a pinnace, and we furnished it with a sofa, and a few chairs and tables. The children went with us and their attendants. Mr. Martyn sent a quantity of books, and used to take possession of the sofa, with all his books about him. He was often studying Hebrew, and had huge lexicons lying by him. The nurses sat on the floor in the inner room, and the rest of us in the outer. Well do I remember some of the manoeuvres of little Lucy at that time, who had just acquired the power of moving about independently of a guiding hand; by this independence she always used to make her way to Mr. Martyn when he was by any means approachable. On one occasion I remember seeing the little one, with her grave yet placid countenance, her silken hair, and shoeless feet, step out of the inner room of the pinnace with a little mora, which she set by Mr. Martyn's couch; then mounting on it, she got upon the sofa which was low, and next seated herself on his huge lexicon. He would not suffer her to be disturbed, though he required his book every instant. Soon, however, weary of this seat, she moved to Mr. Martyn's knee, and, there she remained, now and then taking his book from him, and pretending to read; but he would not have her removed, for, as he said, she had taken her position with him, and she was on no account to be sent from him.—Pp. 419, 420.

From Cawnpore he left them to go to Persia, on his darling project of completing his Persian Testament, there to die, after two years of trial and suffering, unalleviated by human care and friendship.

On the Sunday before Mr. Martyn left, the church was opened, and the bell sounded for the first time over this land of darkness. The church was crowded, and there was the band of our regiment to lead the singing and the chanting.

The Rev. Daniel Corrie read prayers, and Mr. Martyn preached. That was a day never to be forgotten.

From his first arrival at the station, Mr. Martyn had been laboring to effect the purpose which he then saw completed; namely, the opening of a place of worship. He was permitted to see it, to address the congregation once, and then he was summoned to depart. How often, how very often, are human beings called away, perhaps from this world, at the moment they have been enabled to bring to bear some favorite object! Blessed are those whose object has been such a one as that of Henry Martyn. Alas! he

was known to be, even then, in a most dangerous state of health — either burnt within by slow inflammation, which gave a flush to his cheek, or pale as death from weakness and lassitude.

On this occasion, the bright glow prevailed — a brilliant light shone from his eyes — he was filled with hope and joy; he saw the dawn of better things, he thought, at Cawnpore; and most eloquent, earnest, and affectionate was his address to the congregation. Our usual party accompanied him back to his bungalow; where, being arrived, he sank, as was often his way, nearly fainting, on a sofa in the hall.—p. 422-23.

Mr. Corrie had been appointed to Mr. Martyn's place at Cawnpore, and the Sherwoods found him a most zealous and friendly coadjutor in their labors for the children of the regiment. Their schools increased; being added to by many half-caste children. For these children she began to write some of her best known books, which bear on life in India, teaching India-born children English ways, and giving English children an insight into Indian life. We have not space for the little histories of her pupils, and the little orphans, more peculiarly under her charge. Many died, but all seem to have been cared for and tended with the most maternal care. She never hesitated, during her residence in India, to receive any child brought to her for instruction, till on one occasion the colonel of a regiment sent a band of young drummers and trumpeters to her, with his compliments, and he would be obliged to her if she would instruct them. Seeing many of these boys were taller than herself she demurred, but eventually could not resist this novel charge, and years after in England she describes a scene with these quondam pupils, then grown men, at Wheedon Barracks, who assembled round her, to confess their gratitude for her instructions and to do her honor. In the midst of these wide-spreading and onerous cares her own family occupied much of her time and thoughts. We have hitherto abstained from recording her maternal raptures, but it would be withholding one feature of her character not to extract some description of baby beauty. Beauty of all sorts, in every sex and age, was her idol. It is satisfactory that this taste was gratified in her own offspring. The loss of this darling daughter, then grown to womanhood, was still fresh in her mind when these memoirs were written; indeed she tells us it was at her instigation chiefly that the task was begun:—

On the 20th of this month it pleased God to add another little girl to my family. This lovely child was my fifth; and, till then, I had never, only for a short and very painful period, seen two of my children together. This infant was more beautiful, but very like my precious, first Lucy.

It was the same fair face again: the same fine, oval, and chiselled mouth; the same bright hair and eyes, though not quite so dark. There was scarcely a fault in the exterior of this infant, and it was instantly acknowledged by all who saw her. Mrs. Mawby and Miss Corrie, on the report of her beauty, came that day to see her; and the next day the one brought her husband and the other her brother, to behold a thing so rare as a beautiful new-born babe. Colonel Mawby was not introduced to me; but Mr. Corrie came in, at my request, to baptize her, he being also her godfather. It was my wish to have called her Martha, after my mother; but when Mr. Corrie took her in his arms and heard the name, he laid her quietly down, saying in his playful way: "Then I do n't christen her." "What will you please to have her called?" we asked. He answered: "Emily." "Then Emily it shall be," we replied. He took her up again, and gave her this sweet name. Oh, Emily! my Emily! My memory is fuller than my written records. My Emily grew more lovely from day to day: she became fairer, and her form more full. She was so spoken of that some even of the young officers came to see her. One of these officers wrote me a note to say that if I would permit him to be her godfather he thought it might do him good, and constrain him to lead a better life than he had hitherto done; an odd idea, but there was something of good feeling in it.—Pp. 434-35.

Mr. Corrie was, however, soon to leave them, and Mr. Sherwood himself was beginning to conduct the Hindostanee service, into which the Liturgy had been translated, in the absence of a chaplain, when he was called off to active service, leaving family, school, and even pastoral duties to his wife; who, however, does not seem to have ever felt any call to assume active labors beyond a woman's appropriate sphere. She and a friend did indeed engage a convert to address the beggars after Henry Martyn's plan, themselves being present, but these reprobates approached the ladies with such strong indications of defiance and insult that her friend fled, and our more courageous heroine, though concealing her fears from them, and concluding the ceremony with dignified self-possession, gave up the attempt for the future, assigning herself a task more in her way than 'collecting thieves and devotees;' the result of which was 'the Ayah and Lady.'

They left Cawnpore with regret, but fresh orphans were received by them, and the onerous duties of the school were continued, till the Duke of York issued an order that each regiment should have a schoolmaster, and thus she was relieved, and at a time when this remission of labor was most desirable. They were beginning, indeed, to contemplate a return to England, when Mr. Sherwood, with his regiment, was ordered from Meerat, where they were now stationed, towards the Hima-

layas, against some of the mountain tribes, leaving the ladies and children behind them. She gives some details of the war, which we cannot enter into. Here their situation seems to have had its dangers, not we feel sure at all exaggerated, for hers was a courageous spirit. In a letter to her mother, (with one or more trifling exceptions the only letter the book contains,) we find this passage, illustrative of the interests and alarms of this time:—

"My own Lucy is a very pleasing girl, not speaking partially; she is exceedingly sweet-tempered, and may be managed by any one—very upright and free from deceit. She has an open English countenance and complexion, and is very tender hearted. I was punishing Emily the other day; Lucy stood by, reddening; at last she burst into a loud cry, saying in English, with the Hindostanee idiom, "This little sister of mine, I cannot bear to see her weep, because she is very pleasant to me." The children have a very pretty way of mixing the languages, using the Eastern idiom with the English. "Oh, my papa," she sometimes says, "my heart is full of grief for my papa, because he is gone very far." In the military life, where there is affection, the joys and sorrows are more keen and higher wrought than in common life.

You can form no idea, my beloved mother, of the spirit which is required in the management of a family in India, particularly when the master is not at home, or rather gone out in dangerous warfare. The natives have no respect for females. Four or five men walk into the parlor, and quarrel altogether before your face, using the lowest and most abusive language, and trying in the night to frighten you with cries of alarm of thieves and fire.

The night after Henry went away, one of the men appointed as a guard or watchman came to my window, close to my bed's head, setting up a great howl and firing off a gun, exclaiming at the same time in Hindostanee, "Come, come, ye thieves, come, come, and I will destroy you; I will cut you down; there they are, there they run."

I thought of "Don Quixote" and the flock of sheep to which he called out so manfully, and could not help laughing, because I knew the men's tricks; but Mary and Sally and Lucy, who were in another room, were terribly scared.—Some ladies in the station, who had not been so long in the country as myself, were almost frightened into fits by the alarming ways of these watchmen. I own that they have made my heart beat a little when they cry "Fire;" but of late they have kept themselves quieter, and the officer left here has been so kind as to let me have an invalid soldier of the regiment to sleep in the house, which has set all things to rights."—Pp. 469, 470."

She had the comfort now of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Thomason, who were travelling in the suite of Lord Moira, and of learning from them that a school for white orphans was be-

ing planned in Calcutta, under high influence: the peculiar attractions of a child of her adoption, now under the care of the Corries, having been one means of exciting a general interest on this question. We gather from her own remarks that much of the zealous anxiety which she felt at this time, and which excited her to such continued exertion, she afterwards regarded as superfluous and misplaced.

And here I must remark, that I was often greatly distressed in my mind by the condition of these native women. I then thought that the evil of the system belonging to them might and ought to be remedied. I have not now, as I had then, either hopes or expectations of seeing this world amended. It lieth in wickedness, and always has and always will do so, till the blessed One shall take the government into His own hands.—P. 485.

This passage offers a strange solution to what is said elsewhere, against man's instrumentality, and leads us to suppose, according to the charge of Universalism commonly brought against her, that she came at length to hold the opinion that mankind were not to be brought out of their wickedness, but to be saved in it, and in spite of it.

We are purposely left in ignorance of dates in this work. Elsewhere we learn that Henry Martyn left Cawnpore in 1810, but how many years after this period the Sherwood family quitted India we are not informed. They decided on this step on the regiment being ordered to Madras; leaving, not without sorrow, the country in which so much had been done and felt. Indeed, to the minds of her friends and admirers this must appear the brightest part of her career. Here there was play for her abundant energies, and here in useful, though self-imposed active duties, she seems to have been kept from those dangerous and presumptuous speculations which disfigure her latest works, and in the end alienated from her the confidence of her party, who had themselves contributed to the heady, arrogant vein, to which she eventually attained by their eager acceptance and warm sanction of much in her writings which should have led to an earlier mistrust.

She describes with some complacency the *ecat* of their disembarking at Liverpool.—Their vessel happened to be the first East Indian that had arrived at that port since it was opened to vessels from India. If she was really unconscious of singularity in such a scene, it implies the acquisition of very independent habits in her long residence abroad.

Had "The Robarts" brought a royal party it could not have excited more rejoicing, for the reason above-mentioned. The bells were set to ring on this account—bells that had not rung for years. Our party happened to be the largest

from the ship, for we had eight children, and we were followed wherever we went by hundreds of the residents of Liverpool. It must be understood we had not a bonnet in the party: we all wore caps trimmed with lace, white dresses, and Indian shawls. As every person was allowed to land a shawl without duty, each little girl had been made the bearer of one for that purpose.—At the quay there were thousands of spectators to welcome us, looking kindly at the fair babes. We walked up with Robinson to the "Talbot," whilst Mr. Sherwood went with the baggage to the custom-house. We did not understand then why we were followed through the streets by such a concourse of people. The little girls trembled lest they and their shawls should be seized, but no one offered to touch us, or anything belonging to us. We were received at the inn with as many expressions of welcome as we had been at the landing-place, and the children excited the same interest. We were led to an upper sitting-room looking on the street, with its paper-hangings and small neat compartments, which was so strange a sight to us, that one of the little girls said "it was like a box lined with colored paper." We ordered breakfast, and when the little creatures saw the fresh rolls, etc., they expressed such joy, that the hostess and her maids, who contrived to keep about us, were convulsed with merriment. The amazement expressed by these little Indians at all they saw was very entertaining, especially at the feather-beds; and when I threw the baby on one of them and she sank down laughing in it, they quite shrieked, and would have it tried again. The sights seen from the windows, too, the shops and passengers, were an infinite source of delight.

Among our preparations I had not thought of a bonnet, that *sine qua non* of English attire. The question might be asked, "Had I, in the years of absence from England, so totally forgotten English customs?" and the answer must be, "I suppose that I had."

Facts are stubborn things. I did not think of these said bonnets, nor did I avail myself of the Saturday to prepare them. There are odd people in the world, and ever have been, and I must be content to sit down among them; my conduct on this occasion leaves it without a doubt.

On Sunday morning, June the 2d, we were gladdened by the sound of bells calling the people to church. I should have thought it very wrong, after all our mercies, with the memory fresh of the fearful storm of that day fortnight, not to have gone to attend Divine service. So, without hesitation, bonnetless as we were, I went with three of my little girls to a fine church near the inn, and heard a good preacher. His subject was the indwelling of the Holy spirit. We were put into a seat in the centre of the church.—Some old ladies in Liverpool still talk of the Indian family who appeared that day, looking so remarkable with their Indian shawls and lace caps, being apparently and really unconscious of their *outré* appearance. After having been at church, we, with the rest of our family, took a walk in the town, followed by a concourse of

people, all of whom looked favorably upon us as the first-fruits of the port, and smiling on the fair children from a far-off land.—Pp. 511—513.

On rejoicing her mother, she found her eldest child, whom she had left an infant, grown almost into womanhood. It was arranged that they should settle near Mrs. Butt's, now in very declining health. Mr. Sherwood had leave of absence for two years, and now a natural difficulty presented itself, whether, for the sake of maintaining their present income, he should return to India, or decide to remain with his family on straitened means, a real inconvenience to every member of a household accustomed to all the luxuries and attendance they had been trained to. In this emergency her love of active occupation suggested the plan of increasing their income by taking pupils. Though known as an authoress, she had not thought of this as a means of adding to their resources, though it is implied that eventually her literary occupations proved very remunerative. She liked the society of young people; had clearly none of that love of domestic privacy which makes the admission of strangers to the home circle so great a trial to many, and was happy in her husband, always ready to fall in with and admire her schemes. There was some idea of his entering the Church, and with a view to seeking ordination, he began a course of study, but this was abandoned.

The family established itself at Wick, near Worcester, and were soon from various causes—amongst others, the death of her mother, and a legacy from another friend,—relieved from all pecuniary cares.

Little remains to be told further of the events of her life. A busy and a pleasant one it seems to have been, peaceful and cheerful, except for the sad breaks of family bereavement, as well as less painful causes of separation in the marriage of many of her children. In this time, her best known works were written, many more we admit than we have any acquaintance with, and all which gained her credit and influence with her party. When past middle life, and finding her family diminished by some of these causes, they spent some time abroad. At Geneva, that change in her views of spiritual things awaited her which so disconcerted her real friends. It followed on her acquaintance with the well-known M. Malan, though how far he himself was a sharer in these views we are left in ignorance.

Their opening conversation is highly illustrative of the mind of our authoress, incapable of feeling what an awful responsibility she had incurred in inculcating false doctrine on the subject of the Divine nature and attributes.—

She called on M. Malan after hearing him preach:—

When we were seated, after a while he told me that he knew me well by name; and he told me also that he objected to a passage in my "Church Catechism Stories," in which I had asserted, "that Christ, instead of acting according to the will of the Father, had, as it were, by interposing himself between the Father and the sinner, *compelled* him to have mercy." How kindly, and yet how decidedly, did this enlightened Christian point out my error proving to me that our Saviour is the exponent of his Father's love, not the procuring cause of it; for what saith the Witness—"God so loved the world, that he himself gave us his Son for our salvation." I recalled to mind that once before I had been told that my views of the Father were very defective, and I prayed that, if I were blind as to the truth, my eyes might be opened. M. Malan lent me a little book called "Theogenes."—Pp. 547, 548.

Not less characteristic of her nature, as well as showing most painfully the consequences of an exclusive dwelling on what are understood by Calvinistic doctrines, (though we are very far from attributing to all who hold these views any temptation to the same flippancy in the mode of treating them,) is the following anecdote:—

How sweet and refreshing were the holy discourses I then often had with M. Malan—that true servant of God—and how parentally did he speak to my children, calling them *his* children in the faith. One of my daughters informed me that, for some time past, the idea of the day of judgment had filled her with terror, that she felt she could never stand the judgment of an all-pure and all-seeing God, and that above all things she wished to hear what M. Malan would say on the subject. I had ever taught my child that the Lord the Saviour would preserve her in judgment if she trusted in Him; but as I had very imperfect views myself at that time of what the Saviour had done, my instructions had failed of giving her satisfaction. In fact, I may say, I fear with truth, that I was then very unable to give a reason for the hope that was within me; for I was clinging to one great and general error—that man had some condition to fulfil, on the non-fulfilment or fulfilment of which his salvation must depend.

M. Malan was scripturally grounded in his views of the perfection of the Divine work, as it regarded the elect, and of the perfect and entire safety of those individuals who are adopted into the body of Christ, and of the total impossibility of their ever being suffered finally to fall away, and hence of the absolute duty of entertaining the doctrine of assurance. On this point, that is, in showing the fullness of Christ as regards His own chosen ones, and the perfect confidence such should place in Him, M. Malan worked hard to instruct my young ones, and what he said was blessed not only to them but to me.

Never shall I forget his playful address to my

young daughter, when next we met. "*Eh, bien ma petite demoiselle, vos oiseaux de nuits le sont-ils volés.*"—Pp. 548, 549.

Can we regard it as otherwise than shocking to every feeling of reverence, thus to find a minister of the Gospel ridiculing to a young mind, the terrors of that awful judgment day which his Lord and Master himself sets before us for our lasting warning and continual contemplation? It must be noted, too, that a kind of hereditary claim to salvation is here acknowledged, and a spiritual aristocracy implied. It was because this young girl was Mrs. Sherwood's daughter, that he taught her to despise all questionings of her soul's state and final destiny as birds of ill-omen; for he could scarcely assert, that under no circumstances, and by no reasonable being, should such thoughts be ever entertained. But such things speak for themselves.

The following is Mrs. Sherwood's comment, or rather inference from M. Malan's teaching. Our readers must make of it what they can, it is obscure enough; but antinomianism, universalism, and all sorts of ugly isms beside may be supposed to lie hidden in it, as well as in the following reflection, which we find further on:—

But this little chasin in my diary admonishes me how impossible it would be for the most correct person to recover and set in order the events of a life of more or fewer years with perfect accuracy, if a few months are so impossible to remember. And oh, how infinitely awful must it be to believe, as the conscience-stricken legalist must do if he is not an infidel, that every idle word that he has ever spoken is recorded against him; the infinite mind being thus brought in terrible array against the finite. Thank God, however, that to me the veil of goatshair has been removed from the face of the Sun of Righteousness.—Pp. 561, 562.

The 'legalist,' or as we should say, the believer, has certainly very little chance of being understood by the holder of such heady and intoxicating notions.

It is fair to insert the following disclaimer, though wherein she differs from the sect which claimed to fraternize with her is not very clear:—

It was whilst we were living in Britannia Square, Worcester, a very large parcel arrived from America, containing many splendidly bound volumes, as a present to me. The books were from a numerous party in America, called the "Universalists," from which I disclaim all connection, as I believe their doctrines, as far as I know them, are a denial of the Holy Scriptures, as they say that the mercy of God is bestowed upon man without the ransom being obtained by Christ. These persons, in their journals, have declared me and also my daughter Sophia, mem-

bers of their body; but we wrote at once to disclaim it, though I have reason to think our letters were never published. The works sent, though finely got up, were hateful to us from their sentiments; and Dr. Streeten closed the parcel up again, and forwarded them to a gentleman in Bristol who had dealings in America, who promised to return them from whence they came; and so it was done. It was for the purpose of declaring that my whole trust and confidence are on the righteousness of my Divine Saviour that I then set to work to write a statement of my belief, which I did in the story of Evelyn, in the third volume of "THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY."—Pp. 574, 575.

The autobiography concludes in her seventy-fourth year, with great expressions of praise and thankfulness; it is dated 23d of January, 1847. Amongst them, we find these:—

Thus my lines are placed in pleasant pastures, and days and months pass, and old age steals on so gently, that now, in my seventy-fourth year, I can read the smallest print, write four or five hours a day, sleep with unbroken rest at night, and declare myself, with grateful heart, one of the very happiest old women that ever cumbered this earth.—P. 573.

The concluding pages are written by her daughter, Mrs. Kelly, detailing further family changes, with much energy of feeling:—her first husband Dr. Stevens's unexpected death; the loss of her father, after a painful illness; her own engagement to her second husband, Mr. Kelly; and her mother's gradual decline. The concluding scene is thus given:—

A most careful nurse was with her, and a most faithful attendant, one who has been with us for twelve years, and is still residing at Pinner. As my mother was inclined for sleep, Dr. Kelly would not allow either my sister or myself to sit up, promising he would call us if anything was needed.

As I was preparing to leave the room, Dr. Kelly gave her a little draught (chiefly of port wine) to take, which having drank, she returned the glass, kissing his hand as she did so, and then turning to me, she asked his Christian name. On my replying, she took both our hands together in hers. "Hubert," she said, "you will be my son, my dear son; you will be very kind to my child; you will be her protector, and you will be very tender to her, for she has been used to tenderness. You will love me, too, and I shall be very happy with you at Pinner. God is very good."

And then she added, solemnly and clearly, as she bent more over his hand than mine, "Remember this, my children, that God is love. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

These were the last intelligible words I heard her utter; for when I saw her again, at four in the morning, death had begun its work, though she called me by name, for she knew me.

I am told by those who could observe the scene that her sufferings were not severe, but though present, I can remember nothing of it but that its sorrows made me motherless.—P. 599.

We have purposely not dwelt longer upon this and similar closing scenes. They contain nothing really remarkable, and yet are of so intimate, and as most would consider, of so private a nature, that the mere reading public ought not to be concerned with them. In what may be termed domestic biography we are sorry to perceive natural reserves more and more laid aside, and the details of family affection, and particulars which should belong only to those most closely connected by the ties of blood or friendship, set forth in print, and exposed to every eye. The details of a parent's suffering, unless some great lesson is to be learnt from them, ought not to be told beyond the sphere of sympathizers—such narratives ought not to have the chance of being indifferently listened to, or carelessly turned over. But this is both a delicate and a difficult subject.

When a life has been passed, in the mixed employment of a course of active duties and engagements, and the indulgence of speculative opinion, action will have been found to influence the habits and temper far more than speculations which probably were taken up and laid down with the pen, the use of which itself becomes in time just so much daily business. Thus, a cheerful, amiable old age tells nothing for the truth or effect, one way or another, of those vain, dreamy notions which distinguish this authoress's later writings. Nor can we tell to what degree they influenced the inner mind at all. Heretical notions are constantly more influential on the learner than the teacher; on the learner alone do they bear their natural fruit.

In dwelling on a life like this before us, a strong sense of regret remains. We see that a mistake was made both by Mrs. Sherwood and her admirers; she mistook her powers, and was encouraged to misapply them. Her ready, trite, fluent pen, with its power of weaving endless stories,—common-place and full of faults it is true, but with the desideratum of interesting young minds,—was found a valuable party instrument all the more for the want of depth and real thought, which for party purposes are both troublesome things.

It was considered a fine stroke of satire in Molière, to announce to the verse writers of his day, "The History of Rome in a series of madrigals;" but in our youth it was believed to be the best way of inculcating the great and awful doctrines of our Faith, to set before children a course of sentimental tales, wherein beautiful girls and fine young men act out for their edification the breach and the observance of the law of God. For the aim Mrs. Sher-

wood had in view, neither her mind, nor her education, nor, we will add, her sex, at all fitted her—and so that fate befel her which Dante foretells to all who meddle in subjects beyond their depth,—

Vie piu che indarno da riva si parte,
Perche non torna qual ei si muove,
Chi pesca per lo vero e non ha l'arte.

Had her powers been more modestly directed, they might have done good service; for we are constantly surprised in her writings to meet with excellent practical good sense, side by side with arrogant and unfounded presumption and visionary allusions. When she wrote from her own experience, she constantly wrote well and usefully; when she trusted to her supposed deep insight into spiritual things, she as constantly failed. An example of both styles will illustrate our meaning better than further explanation. Mrs. Sherwood was herself, we doubt not, a good and conscientious economist of time, and therefore from her own practice and observation, she expresses herself wisely in the following passage. We extract from the first volume of the "*Lady of the Manor*:"—

From the time that the infant first draws its breath, until that awful period when the soul forsakes its breathless body, each flitting moment brings with it a certain obligation to the performance of some particular exercise—some unhappy temper is to be restrained; some important lesson to be learned; some new faculty to be acquired; or some latent power to be brought into use. And they who daily endeavor to execute the present task appointed by the all-wise Creator, looking up to him in simple dependance upon His promised assistance, will seldom find that overwhelming accumulation of duties, or that perplexing hurry of business of which so many complain; for the yoke of the Almighty in itself is easy, and his burden light; as all His faithful servants have found in all their generations. Our duties are generally set before us one by one; and commonly speaking, the means of performing these duties are supplied at the same time. A mother has seldom more than one child at a birth; and before her family becomes large, abundant leisure and space, and opportunity are given her to mould her first-born child with the Divine blessing into a faithful and powerful instrument for the management of the rest, as well as into a lovely pattern by which its genius may be mutually and sweetly led forward from one degree of excellence to another. But the careless or indolent parent or housekeeper, she who has failed in youth to fit herself for future duties, and who in her early married state has neglected the performance of her little daily tasks of instruction and correction, or of personal labor and inspection, will certainly find herself at length plunged into an abyss of cares and troubles, from which she can never expect to be extricated till she has reached the close of a wretched and wearisome life.—*Lady of the Manor*, vol. i. p. 140.

This is all extremely sensible and true, and moreover, has that freshness about it in spite of some formality of style that all individual thought has. The next from the same work is a specimen of her powers of assertion, and that privilege of sitting in judgment upon others, in which she so freely indulged, without, certainly, any real data to go upon, for the unhappy young ladies whose state is here so glibly pronounced upon—such as had come under Mrs. Sherwood's observation—were not likely in the presence and under the eye of so distinguished a person, to allow themselves in any open improprieties. She must have been guided by some self-chosen, unwarrantable test.

But the greater part of young ladies in England, even the daughters of religious families, give no evidences of being converted, and are, I fear, only kept from open and flagrant offences by motives of worldly prudence, family restraint, custom, and shame.—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 269.

This is only one instance of many of the practical business-like nature of her mind, employing itself in the uncongenial field of speculation: anything like doubt or hesitation was alien to her mind; she could be in no person's company without deciding on their spiritual state; she could not entertain the idea of being mistaken, nor see any reason for withholding her convictions from the world as soon as formed; and as in persons so in doctrine, she decided upon these as easily, with as little deliberation, with as full conviction, (if we may misapply the term to this state of mind) with as free a condemnation of those who differed from her as she could pronounce sentence on a human soul for some act of conformity or nonconformity contrary to her own judgment.

And for a time, this habit gave her weight and influence. It all passed for bold and uncompromising assertion of the truth. While the graces and accomplishments of life, the received customs of society, and what are called worldly amusements were her theme, however ignorantly and indiscriminately condemned, persons, satisfied on the whole, did not think it their part to criticize her mode and style of attack, and much less when she acted with them against certain views of doctrine to which they were opposed, and where she was found an efficient auxiliary. It was only when this habit made such head against all restraints as to turn her round upon her own friends, that the mischief of this arrogant self-reliance was felt and acknowledged; and in the official organ of her party, she was admonished to *humility*, and told that "pride of intellect had gone before her fall."*

* Christian Observer, 1837, p. 306.

There is no reason to suppose that either advice or admonition were of any avail; she evidently, in the latter years of her life, considered herself lifted above the ordinary risks of humanity, and we find her thankful for having been preserved from self-conceit (p. 544), when we cannot but regard her as the real victim of that delusion.

It is time, however, to draw our notice to a conclusion. If in her day she had influence, it may be considered passed, nor can her works, characterized by a trite and common style, ever revive to have real weight. Her system of religious teaching has, we suspect, been found on all hands to be a failure. Her perpetual repetitions of doctrine in the same dull, prosy formula, were invariably passed over altogether, or if forced upon her young readers, read with weariness and disgust. Her unreal generalizations on the depravity of human nature were found ineffectual preachers of humility; and even risked deadening the conscience, thus taught to regard sin simply as a condition of our being, and so scarcely to be guarded against, or repented of. Her mystic notions of prophecy and the millennium, so far from producing good, were felt to foster irreverence in child-

ish minds. Her indiscriminate condemnation of many practices in their nature indifferent, and, if not abused, blameless, tended to mystify the instincts of right and wrong; and people found, moreover, that after ever so careful and conscientious a perusal, reading all the didactic parts, and skipping nothing that was dull, what remained longest, and left the most real impressions from her books, was their strong appreciation and exaltation of beauty, wealth, rank, elegance, and all worldly advantages whatever.

Thus, years enable men to see the faults and failures of books, characters, and institutions in highest favor in their own day. Reflections of this kind must be suggested to all thoughtful readers by the present work. Only let us recognize the redeeming element of good intention, not wanting in even the most objectionable of Mrs. Sherwood's works, and, remembering the labors, charities, and kindnesses which distinguish her active career, our severest comments and harshest criticisms will not be given in an uncharitable spirit, nor without much genuine admiration and sympathy for the vigorous, cheerful, affectionate spirit which has here been brought before us in its more congenial sphere of life and action.

GIGANTIC STATUES.—The human figure must ever be the modulus and rule by which we estimate the apparent dimensions of every surrounding object. Whether the image is in the dimensions of a giant or of a doll, it is always the human figure, varying from five feet to six feet, and imposes a criterion of dimensions to all that surrounds it. Thus the Egyptian Pharaoh, 60 feet in height (the great man signified by a great figure, seated in the court of his temple-palace) defeated the work of the architect, rendering it insignificant in the comparison. Bulk may be a convenient escape from the labor of expression and of thought, but it ever betrays decline of art. The Colossus of Nero and that of Domitian, in Rome, are signal examples of this disregard of the laws regulating the associated arts on which the Greeks insisted; and we must admit it is a bad symptom of our actual times. Artists of merit have fallen into this deplorable error. Thorwaldsen has sacrificed the palace at Stuttgart to his ambition in his statue of Schiller; the French sculptor, in the decoration of the bridge of Louis XV. with the marshals of France on an enormous scale, had fallen into this abuse, but was quickly so sensible of the disproportion, that the marshals were removed thence to Versailles, where, surrounding the vast space called Place d'Armes, they still dwarf that mighty palace. Nor are our own sculptors exempt from this vice in nearly every modern instance, both in interior and exterior statues of our great men. To the architect this practice is most obnoxious, and ought to be visited with public reprobation.—*The Builder.*

A DROP OF OIL. Every man who lives in a house, especially if the house be his own, should oil all the various parts of it once in two or three months. The house will last much longer, and will be much more quiet to live in. Oil the locks, bolts and hinges of the street door, and it will shut gently, with luxurions ease, and with the use of a small amount of force. A neglected lock requires great violence to cause it to shut and with so much violence that the whole house, its doors, its windows, its very floors and joists, are much shaken, and in time they get out of repair in all sorts of ways, to say nothing of the dust that is dislodged every time the place is so shaken. The incessant banging of doors, scrooping of locks, creaking and screaming of hinges, is a great discomfort. Even the bell-wire cranks should sometimes be oiled, and they will act more certainly and with such gentle force that there will be little danger of breaking any part of them. The castors of tables and chairs should be sometimes oiled, and they will move with such gentle impulse and so quietly that a sleeping child or old man is not awakened. A well-oiled door-lock opens and shuts with hardly a whisper. Three pennyworth of oil used in a large house, once a year, will save many shillings in locks and other materials, and in the end will save many pounds in even the substantial repairs of a house, and an old wife living and sleeping in quiet repose will enjoy many more years of even temper and active usefulness. Housekeepers, pray do not forget the oil. A stitch in time saves nine, and a drop in time saves pounds.—*The Builder.*

From the Examiner, 14 Oct.

THE CONGRESS OF OSTEND.

THEIR Excellencies the United States Ministers accredited to the various governments of Europe, have this week, it is currently reported, accredited themselves on the affairs of Cuba to a Congress of their own at Ostend. Their meeting was originally proposed for Basle, and whether the motive for the change was Mr. Buchanan's unwillingness to go so far from London at this juncture, or the superior attraction of Ostend oysters, is not exactly known. Perhaps if the diplomatic travellers had known that the oysters of Ostend are after all natives of England, the agreeable little Belgian watering-place might have lost the chance of taking its place in history alongside of Verona, Toeplitz, and other famous seats of frustrated hopes and discomfited plans.

We cannot of course speak with any certainty of the subject of their excellencies' deliberations, of the harmony or discord with which they were conducted, or of the solemn determinations arrived at. It is quite possible that the discussions may have been confined to oysters and chablis; but if they extended beyond, and such delicacies were only used to whet the appetite of democratic diplomacy, for "we must have Cuba, sir," this Congress might really confer a great favor on Europe by explaining to it why "we must." For that is what Europe cannot understand.

Europe knows very well that Cuba is a tempting acquisition, that it commands the Gulf of Mexico, and that United States' enterprise would double its pecuniary value after United States' aggression had acquired it. But Cuba, it also knows, belongs to the Spanish crown, and is remarkable for its loyalty and fidelity to Spain. The Spanish government shows not the least desire to part with it, nor has Cuba evinced the smallest wish to separate from Spain. To say "we must have Cuba, sir," because the United States knows its present value and could make it much more valuable, is simply to lay down the doctrine of robbery as a line of policy. Theft is not the less theft because unblushingly announced beforehand.

Neither England nor France has any design on Cuba. Both countries have offered the United States to join in a common obligation not to acquire it.

Spain, no doubt, has been "sick" nigh unto death, but the gorge of the world out of the United States has just risen against the proposed robbery and murder of a "sick man," and now that Spain is in a fair way of recovery, and that Cuba will participate, nay, has

already participated in her improvement and convalescence, the world is little likely to see Spain robbed of Cuba without a better reason than "we must have Cuba, sir."

The value of Spain to Europe as a second-rate power well governed, is immense; and the part which Cuba, under improved Spanish administration, is calculated to play in restoring the fortunes of Spain, at present associates Cuba to Spain in what is really an important European work. That, too, which Europe did not care much about when brigandage was supreme at Madrid, becomes of great moment when honesty and integrity are at the head of Spanish affairs. Europe cannot afford to have Spain despoiled and degraded at so hopeful a moment as this.

In the course of events, now inscrutable, no doubt Cuba may be transferred to the United States, and in such a manner that Europe could offer no objection. But for such events we counsel our republican friends to wait. To assemble Congresses at Ostend, and to resolve "we must have Cuba, sir," whether Europe chooses it or not, is little likely to hasten the period for its acquisition.

Hitherto United States diplomacy has been obedient and respectful to Congressional policy, and the very last act of Congress was to refuse President Pierce any encouragement in designs on Cuba. But here we have United States diplomacy assembling at Ostend for purposes which the United States Congress has disproved. This is a new and serious phase in the history of republican government; for not only does it set at naught the supreme authority of the country, but to some extent takes matters out of the hands of even the Washington Cabinet.

And the diplomacy thus assembling at Ostend has not earned for itself any great distinction or high character in Europe. To say nothing of M. Soule's scandalous escapade at Madrid, Mr. Sickles, secretary of legation in London, has lately denounced his own chief, Mr. Buchanan, for sanctioning with his presence at the Star and Garter, on the fourth of last July, a banquet of Americans at which portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert hung on the walls on either side of a portrait of Washington; for which offence in the eyes of this patriotic Secretary of Legation, and for joining in the enthusiasm of other Americans when the Queen's health was proposed—acts that stamped him as a gentleman in England—Mr. Buchanan, an able and enlightened man, has been compelled to publish a long and apologetic defence in America.

If it be true, then, that "we must have Cuba, sir," it is scarcely after this fashion, or by hands like these, it can be worthily acquired.

From The Examiner.

Terre et Ciel (Earth and Heaven). Par JEAN REYNAUD, Paris, 1854.

OUR readers will be perhaps incredulous when we tell them that the literary mind in France is suddenly taking a religious turn. What principally had been heard of French literature in this respect, of late years, was the positive philosophy of M. Comte; but whatever impression the positive doctrine may have made upon young England, not only young but old France has ordered its wings for a start in quite a different direction. At the last distribution of prizes at the Institute, it was remarkable to observe that the greater part of the works were of a religious tone and tendency, and M. Villemain, naming irreligious books by Madame D'Epinay and others which had formerly obtained prizes, congratulated the Institute and the country on the change.

Nor can it be said that it is merely the goodwill of the members of the Institute which is thus sought by flattering and conciliating the Church. The Government may do this in some degree, but not the Institute, which is in flagrant opposition and antagonism to the Government. Neither can it be said that the Emperor or his ministers, however considerate to the Church, show any disposition to encourage theology.

But indeed to name the writers who now forswear and scoff at the stupidity of materialism, and who have abandoned the study of Voltaire for that of the fathers and councils of the Church, would sufficiently attest that this extraordinary change is not the result of servility or interested calculation, but really a voluntary and free impulse, a genuine appetite of the national mind, palled by the intellectual food with which it has heretofore been fed, and bent upon having better spiritual nourishment.

One of the most startling examples is that of George Sand, whose memoirs are now appearing in the shape of *feuilletons*. The readers of these confessions look no doubt for some fresh chapters of *Consuelo* or *Mauprat*. Instead of this they are treated to essays upon the nature of original sin, upon the eternity of punishment, upon the efficacy of grace.

The last work of Henry Heine, too, the great living link between the French and German mind, shows the same direction, the same spirit. His Voltaireism has turned to Judaism, and nothing can be more beautiful or forcible than his recantation of Hegelianism, with its accompanying sketch of Hegel himself. Poor Heine, long confined to his bed by a disorder that was supposed to affect his intellect, has certainly disproved that suspicion by sending fresh from his sick room a series

of the most powerful as well as the most witty of his effusions. But now his sardonic humor, instead of being directed against religion, is altogether devoted to the service and illustration of spiritualism.

The work before us is the production of one of that band of writers who distinguished themselves in the *Revue Encyclopedique*, and who, the greater number of them, more or less, gave in to the illusion of St. Simonianism. Jean Reynaud was one of the most positive thinkers and writers of this school. Bred at the Ecole Polytechnique, and having passed with great distinction, Reynaud was the scientific scholar of the class to which Carnot and Leroux belonged. The friendship of these men with Madame Sand and with Lamennais is known, and they formed certainly the strangest amalgam of philosophies and sentiments that could be conceived.

But Reynaud was looked upon as a man peculiarly destined for success in life and in public affairs, rather than in that dreamy world of letters and theology in which Lamennais and Leroux lived. Therefore, when the revolution of 1848 occurred, and Carnot became minister, Reynaud was appointed Secretary of Public Instruction, was elected Deputy, and launched himself into the full career of republican politics. As a school of politicians, however, the whole of this band of original writers and bold thinkers failed, as we well know. They wanted many things, and chief of all they were utterly wanting in anything like the habitude of affairs. The majority of the country was against them, the wealthy were naturally averse to their doctrines, and the poorer classes soon discovered that they dealt more in loud-sounding hopes than in realities. The republic of 1848 was a failure, and Jean Reynaud, as well as George Sand, has returned to philosophic speculation.

This volume is the result, and a singular one it is. It professes to give an account of Heaven and Earth, and its first book is devoted to an astronomical account of the earth's positions and relations, which M. Reynaud deems a necessary basis to reason from, towards the great future of the human mind and race. It then proceeds to treat of the ages of the earth, and discusses the Scriptural theories, for which it maintains the greatest respect. M. Reynaud and his school profess the utmost reverence for authority. The mere fact of the prevalence of the Judaic doctrine, and its subsequent expansion into that which has become the universal creed of intelligent mankind, is held sufficient to warrant the main truth and reality of what it teaches, propounds and promises. The Church, Jewish in ante-Christian times, and represented by Councils since the era of Christ, symbolizes for M. Reynaud the most perfect character which it has pleased the di-

vinity to impart during those ages to the great intellects and leading spirits of man.

Our author then plunges valiantly into the subject of man's fall, and the doctrine of original sin. Human perfectibility, regarded and reasoned out after the manner of Condorcet, and assuming all religious beliefs as likely to be set aside, has been the French view of the universe for the last half century, or at least the view of the liberal party; but we have now the school of Sand and Reynaud coming forward to deny that religious wants can be met by negation. On the other hand they boldly assert that mankind must either resolve into the doctrine of the Manichean, and deify the evil along with the good principle, or it must admit and adopt Christianity, as handed down to us, together with the old Testament, to be the only satisfactory explanation of the origin, existence, and future destiny of the human race, and the only sound philosophy of good and evil. Reynaud adopts the Christian view, and proceeds to state under what limitation. He and his friends are ready to adopt Christianity on the condition of a lopping off or banishing from it certain doctrines which they consider to be excrescences and errors. Hell and the eternity of punishment are among the teachings that this school would expunge from Christianity, as contrary to the view of human perfectibility which they adopt,—not the merely mundane perfectibility of Condorcet, but the perfectibility of the soul by reason of a metempsychosis, or something very like it.

But any detailed development of their doctrine we must of course decline. Our simple purpose is to indicate their existence. They are well worthy of attracting the attention of that religious school amongst us which has sought to regenerate faith and piety on the basis of authority, and which would have been far more wisely employed in strengthening the fabric of this very authority against the terrible and trenchant criticism of the German. Here, however, are some of the ablest and most original spirits in France ready to adopt authority, regarding the learning of Strauss in the same light as the wit of Voltaire, and erecting a spiritualism of their own, which may perhaps be little likely to swell into any larger sect, but is certainly calculated to exert a singular and powerful effect upon the wavering, unfixed, and imaginative mind of our neighbors and friends the French.

MEDICAL PRESCRIBING THROUGH THE NEWSPAPERS.—The newspaper is the worst of all mediums for prescribing physic. We are surprised that medical men should not see the perfect absurdity of letting patients into their consultations. Surely a man who can put "M. D." or "M. R. C. S." after his name, should know that

a knowledge of drugs is a very small part of the physician's qualifications. A book knowledge of the stated symptoms, indeed, together with therapeutics, does not form the half of what the medical man must know. It is the power of discriminating similar symptoms that is the true diagnosis of diseases; the striking out, by a clearheaded inventive activity, an equation of the sum of all the symptoms, in conjunction with the patient's constitution and circumstances, that suggests the treatment. But this demands practised observation, habitual discrimination, and expertness, so to speak, in the algebra of medicine. There is no universal suffrage in medical government.

It is indiscreet even for medical men to discuss their own first ideas in the unprofessional public journals. A most respectable physician has been prescribing castor oil for cholera, with an apparent success, but in a very limited experience. Several others copy him; and at last the Board of Health puts the prescription to a more rigid test. Out of 89 cases, the remedy proved undecided in six still under treatment, successful in 15, fatal in 68. Was not the rash adoption of the drug the direct result of newspaper consultation? Does its consequence not amount to something like manslaughter? If, in this formal inquiry, some portion of the sixty-eight patients died for their country's good, there have been others who have died for the curiosity—it was little better—of the gentlemen who adopted as a suggestion that which ought only to have been a question. Have not the sixty-eight and their companions in the grave some claim for damages upon those medical men who have used them as "corpora" for experiment?—*Spectator*.

A Parliamentary paper, recently printed, exhibits a remarkable distribution of railway-capital. The total is a few pounds short of £366,770,000. Of that amount, £93,000,000 has not been raised at all; £65,000,000 has been raised by loan; £43,000,000 by "preference" shares; and £165,000,000 by capital not entitled to receive preferential dividend or interest. Of the 366 millions, therefore, only 165 consist of capital in the ordinary sense of the word. The preferential shares partake of the nature of loans and sleeping partnerships; and the pure loans exceed one-third of the actual capital. The figures show how much these great companies are going "upon tick." The entire annual receipts, for last year, amounted to £18,000,000; so that it would take some years of revenue to clear the companies of encumbrance. The revenue, however, has increased faster than the railways. The miles open, in 1849, were 6,032; in 1853, 7,641; the gross revenue has increased from £11,806,449, in 1849, to £18,035,880, in 1853. By far the greatest increase has taken place in the second and third class passengers, and goods. Two rather important questions immediately hang upon the railway-future: How far will their traffic be diminished by the Beer-Act as a check upon Sunday-excursions? How much would the advance of passenger-traffic—at present increasing less rapidly than goods—be expedited, if railways were rendered more safe?—*Spectator*.

From The Spectator, 14 Oct.

"SPECULATION" A COMMERCIAL OFFENCE.

It is with no invidious purpose that we ask whether such "difficulties" as those that have occurred at Liverpool ought to have occurred at all? The question is not one of a personal kind; it refers to an entire class of commercial liabilities. The history of almost all these recent cases appears to be strongly marked, and in nearly all that have been made public the American element is powerful. The transmission of bills by a gentleman in New York who was not authorized to draw those bills—close connection with the very precarious and speculative trade in grain—large speculations in shipowning—are distinctly stated as the practical or proximate reasons for the suspension of payment. One case is very remarkable. The liabilities were set down at 700,000*l.*; the house which was under liabilities to that amount is said to have been quite solvent; but, however solvent, the event has shown that there was some difficulty in meeting the total amount of liabilities within the time for a large proportion of them to reach maturity. The house had been saved from the consequences of the suspension, and it will go on by favor of an arrangement under which bills to the extent of 400,000*l.* were returned, the purchase-price of shipping property for which these bills had been given. We are only commenting upon what is before the public. What, then, appears to be the case? A house is under liabilities to the extent of 300,000*l.*; there is some chance that these liabilities might be pressed with so much inconvenience as to approach suspension of payments; yet the house subject to such contingencies issues 400,000*l.* in bills for the purchase of shipping property. We have no doubt than an explanation can be given; but what explanation could do away with these simple facts as they are broadly stated?

There is only too much reason to believe that other irregularities are creeping into our trade, in some cases the very questionable importations from the sharp commercial atmosphere of America. How is it that one house is publicly reported to have tolerated for five months the drawing of bills by an agent at New York without authority? The very circulation of such a report shows an amount of toleration in our commercial public which is as surprising as it is unhealthy. Underwriters, it is said with too much probability, hesitate to lend their names to the shipping of some firms; and the circulation of such a statement even as a report is another sign of unhealthiness which we desire to see corrected.

We have been in the habit of praising British "enterprise," and we may praise it still;

but *speculation* has ceased to be a legitimate branch of that enterprise. What is speculation? It consists in guessing at probabilities. There was a time when active-minded and keen-sighted men might legitimately trade in guessing at probable successes. In those days, "adventurers" might plunge into mines, or into trading combinations with foreign parts, or into untried paths of commerce where a demand was to be created; but it is a barbaric dishonesty to continue a trade in guessing, when commerce is now supplied with every machinery for obtaining correct information, and for ascertaining the wants which were formerly guessed. There are few important regions open to our trade in which we have not experienced persons well capable of reporting on the exact state of the requirements of the resident population, and on the means of paying for things they require. The electric telegraph has converted the greater part of the civilized world into one market. Grain in the North of Scotland may be bought and sold in the London market by telegraph; bargains can be made in any European capital; there is not a want for a single article of manufacture which can arise in any part of the two worlds without the wants being accurately expressed wherever it could be supplied. The season for guessing, therefore, is past. The legitimate scope of enterprise and intelligence for the capitalist is to collect accurate information, and to expedite transit of the goods the want of which is indicated by that information.

Thus the accounts of trade can in fact be revised and audited beforehand. Moral feeling on the subject in America may introduce a disturbing element; but he must have been a stupid Spartan who learned to get drunk from the spectacle of the Helot, and the truly keen-sighted and active-minded English merchants will learn from the miscalculations of the American what stupidity it is to commit mistakes of account which can be precisely checked beforehand. Let us hear no more, then, of "speculating" activity, as an excuse for blunders to the extent of hundreds of thousands or millions. Such "difficulties" as those which have happened at Liverpool ought not to be permitted at all; and as the commercial mind awakens to a distinct perception of this truth, we may expect that such disturbances of commerce will die out.

From The Examiner.

THE POPULAR FEELING IN SWEDEN.

[This letter is from a writer who has had peculiar facilities for observation of what he describes and who is in all respects a trust-worthy witness.]

Stockholm, 3rd October, 1854.

All Stockholm is in commotion at the news which has just arrived. The Swedish Min-

istry have received intelligence that the allies, after landing at Eupatoria without opposition, defeated the Russians in a sanguinary battle, and were following at their heels in the direction of Sebastopol. In addition to this information, which must be considered authentic, a telegraphic despatch announces the surrender of Sebastopol and the Russian fleet. Such an occurrence does not appear incredible to those who are acquainted with the carefully concealed feebleness of Russia; but whether the surrender has taken place, or the inevitable hour is still delayed, its certain approach affords unbounded satisfaction to the whole Swedish people, with the exception of a few Russianized but influential members of the nobility who advocate a "policy of peace." The Czar and his Government are much too well-known in Sweden not to be both dreaded and detested. The peasantry feel that their dearly-purchased liberties, the commercial classes that their prosperity, the universal people that their nationality, are in danger from a power which has already wrested from Sweden some of her finest provinces, but which is, nevertheless, pronounced by certain statesmen formidable to Turkey alone.

It is lamentable that the glory which hovers over the allied armies in the Euxine should shine but faintly on their fellow-warriors in the Baltic. Few, however, will be found in Sweden, whatever may be the case in England, who will lay the blame of this misfortune at the door of Sir Charles Napier. It requires but a very short acquaintance with the shores of the Baltic not to perceive that the force entrusted to his command was totally miscalculated for the service he was required to perform.

The coast of Sweden, from a considerable distance south of Stockholm, is protected by a belt of rocky islands of every conceivable form and dimension. Even for small vessels the passage is intricate and difficult. Often you seem to be going end on against a sheer precipice of granite without a chance of escape, when suddenly a passage which you had not perceived opens in the wall, and you glide through a channel so narrow that the hull of your vessel may graze the rock upon one side, and its sails be stuck by the branches of the fir-trees on the other. Now you are again in open water, but the channel is marked by white wands which rise upright out of the waves. Nor are the dangers below the surface less formidable than those which you discern above. This same rocky girdle, too, extends (but abounding with still greater difficulties) along the shores of the Gulf of Finland.—When, therefore, the Swedes saw a fleet containing some twenty line-of-battle-ships, but not a single mortar or gun-boat, sent for the purpose of carrying on operations in these intricate and dangerous channels, they naturally

concluded that no serious attack upon the Russian fortresses was meditated, and they now highly extol the success of Sir Charles Napier at Bomarsund, considering the means which were placed at his disposal. They were not aware that they had before their eyes a new illustration of the maxim laid down by their celebrated chancellor, and that they were attributing to policy the result of ignorance. They would scarcely have believed that no commander in the fleet had ever before visited the Baltic, and that no English ship of war had for the last forty years been seen in these waters.

Russia trusted as usual to the ignorance of the Western Cabinets, and their belief in her invincibility. But she has carried a game, which had always before proved successful, a little too far in the Black Sea, and may the same prove to be the case in the Gulf of Finland! The Swedes are ready to assist us whenever they see us setting to work in the right way. None are more eager than they to reduce the power of Russia, and none more capable of affording effectual assistance in doing so. Depend upon it that within three months after Sweden has joined us with her fine army and her fleet of gun-boats (all of which have been placed by the country in the most efficient state under the pretext of preserving neutrality), Sveaborg and Cronstadt will share the fate of Bomarsund. But in order that the Swedes may join us there must be no abandonment of the Alanders. Many of these unfortunate people, who, trusting to the proclamation of the allies, have afforded their assistance, are now quitting their homes for Sweden, dreading the vengeance of a monarch to whom clemency is unknown, and who bestows even on fidelity when unsuccessful the same reward as on treachery. However speciously the matter may be glossed over in the English Parliament, the abandonment of the Alanders would, in the eyes of our Swedish and Danish friends, cast an ineffaceable stain upon the good reputation of England. If the allies, not afraid to maintain what they have so nobly conquered, should now declare that they are prepared to restrain the predominance of Russia in the Baltic by the only rational means ever proposed for the purpose, namely, the reconstruction of the Polish provinces of Russia into an independent kingdom—their forces will at once be doubled by the accession of the Scandinavian kingdoms. Russia will seek to prevent them from adopting this course by acting upon them through the influence of Austria; and should she succeed she may carry on the war for years, which might otherwise be terminated in the space of another campaign. Moreover, the allies have only to declare that the thing shall be done, for they may leave the execution of it to the Swedes and the Poles.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE SLAVE TRADE, FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

It is wise to recall to memory, now and then, the parable of the two knights and the double shield. Most subjects upon which men can employ their thoughts have two sides; and though one of them may be formed neither of gold nor of silver, but of pewter, or of something else still more vile, yet it may be an advantage to be acquainted even with that fact. No doubt it is much easier to form an opinion upon any topic, when we take care not to view it in more than one aspect; and this plan may find some favor in these days of cheap and easy knowledge. Nevertheless, we boldly maintain our first position, and do not despair of finding many readers who will concur with us in acknowledging the soundness of the moral of the old fable. Some, also, we venture to expect, will admit that, among subjects which present not merely two, but many sides, is that of the slave trade, the abolition of which philanthropic enthusiasts have at all times found so easy to project, and so difficult to accomplish. Of every particular of the case that can be seen through "Uncle Tom's" spectacles, the English public is, no doubt, well informed; and the celebrated address of the Duchess of Sutherland, and her many thousands of the women of England, to their sisters, the women of the United States of America, has shown plainly enough what short work English feeling would make with the "common crime and common dishonor" of the two nations. Nevertheless, acting upon the principle we have recommended above, we venture to bring under the notice of our readers another phase of the matter which has not been taken cognizance of by the female friends of the negro, and has apparently been overlooked by some of the most forward of our male abolitionists, doubtless in the ardor of their pursuit of the great object in view. We must premise, however, that we are by no means bent upon beguiling this dull autumnal season with a treatise upon slavery in general, or even upon rousing the public spirit from the narcotic influence of the Russian war, by the enlivening incidents of a Yankee Abolitionist sortie into the Nebraska Territory. Our object is merely to show how an intelligent American may see this subject from a point of view very different from that chosen by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and our English philanthropists, and yet be, perhaps, as sincere an enemy of slavery and the slave trade as any one of them. No one, indeed, that we know of now-a-days, ventures to profess himself an advocate of either the one or the other. In truth, the questions uppermost in the mind of every calm thinker are constantly—"How can the slave trade be most effectually abolished? How can the slave be most securely and speedily set free? But it by no means certainly follows that every one will admit that the mode of solving these questions, adopted by England twenty years ago, would be safe and suitable for the solution of the more complicated and difficult problem now under consideration in the United States. The number of slaves in the American Union in 1850

was above three and a-half millions; those emancipated in the whole of the British possessions in 1834, were under 800,000. These facts alone very materially vary the two cases; but an American writer,* whose speculations have lately fallen under our eye, explores the subject to a greater depth; and, examining the causes of slavery, determines (to his own satisfaction at least) that it has not been abolished, even within British bounds, by the English Act of Emancipation, and that it must subsist and grow throughout the world as far as English influence extends, so long as the commercial policy of England shall retain its present character. We do not profess to be converts to Mr. Carey's views, and we own to some doubts as to the logical soundness of many of his arguments; but our political philosophy is of the eclectic school, and we may not refuse to accept a truth, either because it is not set before us in the technical form of a legitimate conclusion, or because its distinctness may be impaired by a crowd of concomitant fallacies. We love, too, to examine both sides of every shield: and we see no harm in turning that now in our hands for the benefit of some of our respected fellow-countrymen, who seem occasionally to forget that "there be liars out of Britain." It will no doubt be a strange surprise to many of those who have been long admiring their own reflection in the act of embracing "a man and a brother" black as ebony, to be shown, by a simple turning of the mirror, a counterfeit presentment of the same image ruthlessly tearing Uncle Tom from his peaceful though servile Northern home, or, vampire-like, draining the life-blood of a coolie immigrant amid the canepieces of Jamaica. Yet no less frightful than this is the picture of the slave trade; as shown to us from the American point of view, which we propose now very slightly to sketch out.

The root of slavery, black and white, is, we are told, the commercial policy of England, which, "adverse to the civilization and the freedom, not only of the negro race, but of mankind at large, seeks to make of herself a great workshop, and necessarily, of all the rest of the world one great farm." The proposition is startling, and not the less so, that the primary design ascribed to England, and to the carrying out of which so unhappy a consequence is attributed, has really been the ruling idea of the most active and successful of our politicians of late years. We do not ask Mr. Cobden to admit that his unadorned but triumphant eloquence has barbarized and enslaved, however it may have charmed the world; but he will not deny that its theme has been the wisdom and necessity of drawing food from every quarter of the globe for the supply of the workers of England. Free trade has so operated, says Mr. Carey, and in the course of its operation a *quasi* slavery has been imposed upon every nation within the sphere of its influence; and the chains have been riveted upon the American negro of the United States, and the

* "The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign: Why it Exists, and how it may be Extinguished." By H. C. Carey. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1858.

domestic slave trade of America has been stimulated and extended. The argument upon which these conclusions are based is easily stated, when stripped of the illustrations with which it is profusely garnished. The earth is the sole producer, and agriculture, consequently, the basis of all wealth. From the earth man extracts corn and cotton, which he can change in form and place—but there his power ends; he cannot add to their quantity, except by means of the art of cultivation. The higher the degree of proficiency attained in that art, the greater, therefore, will be the produce of the material of wealth; but, on the other hand, the surplus rude produce of the land, after the personal wants of the cultivators have been supplied, possesses no value until it be subjected to the skill of the manufacturer. Thus the conditions desirable come to be such as shall be favorable to the largest production from the land, and to the easiest subjection of the produce to the hand of the artisan. Both will be attained more or less completely, in proportion to the approximation or separation of the seats of agriculture and manufacture with regard to each other. When manufacturers settle in the neighborhood of fertile and well-farmed lands "they (in the words of Adam Smith) give a new value to the surplus part of the rude produce, by saving the expense of carrying it to the water-side, or to some distant market; and they furnish the cultivators with something in exchange for it, that is either useful or agreeable to them, upon easier terms than they could have obtained it before. The cultivators get a better price for their surplus produce, and can purchase cheaper other conveniences which they have occasion for. They are thus both encouraged and enabled to increase this surplus produce by a further improvement and better cultivation of the land; and as the fertility of the land has given birth to the manufacture, so the progress of the manufacture reacts upon the land, and increases still further its fertility. The manufacturers first supply the neighborhood, and afterwards, as their work improves and refines, more distant markets. For, though neither the rude produce, nor even the coarse manufacture, could, without the greatest difficulty, support the expense of a considerable land carriage, the refined and improved manufacture easily may. In a small bulk it frequently contains the price of a great quantity of the raw produce. A piece of fine cloth, for example, which weighs only eighty pounds, contains in it the price, not only of eighty pounds of wool, but sometimes of several thousand pounds weight of corn, the maintenance of the different working people, and of their immediate employers. The corn, which could with difficulty have been carried abroad in its own shape, is in this manner virtually exported in that of the complete manufacture, and may easily be sent to the remotest corners of the world." Thus, the more wheat raised and the more cloth made, the greater will be the demand for labor, the higher the wages of the laborer; and the more sought for, and the better paid the laborer is, the more free is he. An exclusively agricultural population must be poor, because the market for their surplus produce is distant; being poor they are de-

pendant, and bound to the soil. An exclusively manufacturing population cannot be rich and free, because the cost of the raw material upon which their labor is to be exercised is enhanced by the expense of carriage, and because the market for their produce must also be distant. But the policy of England—of mixed free trade and protection—tends to draw all the surplus raw produce of the earth into her own lap, and to force all other nations to supply their wants of manufactures at her own shop; thus impoverishing and enslaving the families of the world, and preventing her own artisans from becoming rich and free; and thus is the England of Messrs. Cobden and Bright the great author and promoter of the slave trade, domestic and foreign.—Q. E. D.

The conclusion may seem to be hastily arrived at; but some of the facts upon which the steps of the argument are laid are curious and worthy of attention, for their intrinsic value if not for the effect they may be expected to produce upon the *ci-devant* members of the Anti-Corn Law League. The manufacturing industry of the United States may be fairly estimate! by the proportion of its raw cotton retained for domestic use as contrasted with the quantity of the material exported; and that stands but as one to five in a comparison with the exports to the whole world, and as two to seven in a comparison with those to Great Britain alone. In the year 1849 a thousand and some odd millions of pounds' weight of raw cotton were exported from the Union, of which more than seven hundred millions were received by Great Britain. The consumption in the different manufacturing establishments in the whole Union during the same year is believed (according to Mr. McCulloch) to have amounted to about two hundred thousand pounds. With this enormous quantity of raw material for their labor of the factory hands of England, a corresponding store of food was transmitted for their support. Great Britain's share of the bread-stuff of the United States, in the year 1849, was close upon a million of barrels of flour, upwards of a million of bushels of wheat, and more than twelve millions of bushels of Indian corn—in round figures a twelve month's food for nearly two millions of people. But it is a strange fact, that this monster development of a market does not seem to have had the effect of inducing a more careful cultivation, or of improving the system of agriculture; and, coincidently with it, there has been an extensive emigration from the older States. The average return of wheat, even in the State of New York, is not more than fourteen bushels per acre, while in Virginia it is only six or seven bushels, against thirty or thirty-two as the average produce of the like crop in England. "The wheat-exporting capabilities of the Union," says Mr. Johnston, in his "Notes on North America," "are lessening, rather than increasing."

The virgin soils are already, to a considerable extent, exhausted of their fruitfulness, and a comparatively expensive culture, likely to make corn more costly, must be adopted if their productiveness is to be brought back and maintained." As this exhaustion of the soil por-

ceeds, farmers migrate to seek fresher lands and a better crop elsewhere; and thus, while the Union at large doubles its population every twenty-five years, the increase in some of the old States is very slow. New York increased tenfold in sixty years, while Virginia barely doubled in the same period. The population of North Carolina did not double in sixty years; that of Iowa was multiplied by ten in a single decade.

"There is, in fact (as Mr. McCulloch observes), a constant emigration current setting from the Eastern to the Western States;" and the explanation of the phenomenon is, according to Mr. Carey, to be found in the maxim, that "a nation which commences by exporting food will end by exporting men." It is certain that men are largely exported from the older States in quest of more fertile lands, and the theory proposed is, that the exhaustion of the soil has been occasioned by the substitution of a foreign instead of a home market for its products; that in the former they are consumed, and make no return to their parent earth, while their consumption at home by a population non-agricultural and, consequently, supernumerary to that of a purely agricultural district, would, at the same time, stimulate cultivation and afford the means of improving its character. The prices of a market close at hand are more remunerative to the farmer than those including the cost of a long transit: a more extended rotation of crops is thereby invited; and the material for recruiting the principles of fertility in the soil is supplied in greater abundance and cheaper. Practically, the North American farmer is limited to the cultivation of grain, cotton, and tobacco, by the circumstance of his market being in Europe. Were his raw cotton worked up by artisans living close to him, he would be forced by the demands of the home market to grow green crops and to feed cattle; he would thereby both rest and replenish his land. As it is, the soil is worked without intermission or manure until it is exhausted, and then new ground is sought out, to be dealt with in like manner. Thus "the greater the tendency to exhaustion, the greater is the pro-slavery feeling. The man who exhausts his land attaches to it but little value, and he abandons it; but he attaches much value to the slave whom he can carry away with him." But more than this, the slave-holding farmer of an exhausted soil, if he cannot or will not abandon it, finds the most remunerative crop he can raise to be human stock, and thus, the Virginian proprietor having begun by raising tobacco, cotton, wheat for exportation, ends by breeding and exporting slaves—

The more the planter is forced to depend upon tobacco, the lower will be its price abroad, and the more he must exhaust his land. The more rapid the exhaustion, the more must be the tendency to emigrate. The more the necessity of depending exclusively on wheat, the greater the necessity for making a market for it by raising slaves for sale; and in several of the older Southern States the planter now makes nothing but what results from the increase of stock. The Virginian would manufacture his corn and his wheat into cloth, or into coal and iron, if he could; but this he cannot do, although close to the producer of cotton, and oc-

cupying a land abounding in all the raw materials of which machinery is composed; and having, too, abundant labor power that runs to waste. Why he cannot do it is, that England follows the advice of Mr. Huskisson, and cheapens labor, with a view to prevent other nations from following the advice of Adam Smith. The whole energies of the state are therefore given to the raising of tobacco and corn, both of which must go abroad; and as the latter cannot travel profitably in its rude state, it requires to be manufactured: and the only branch of manufacture permitted to the Virginian is that of negroes, and hence it is that their export is so large and that cotton is so cheap.

The *bête noir* of your true American is, of course England; and to the determination of England to make of herself the workshop of the world, and of the whole world beside one draw-farm from whence to feed her workmen, is traceable, in the American mind, the cause why the citizens of the Southern States cannot open mines, erect furnaces, smelt iron, force machinery, and build mills. If there was no free import into England for corn, he could do all these acts, and induce their consequences, in an increase of the home demand for the products of the soil, and in a multiplication of the products themselves. The land would then become more valuable, and, as population should increase, would become more divided. The cost of raising slaves would be increased, and that description of stock would cease to be remunerative. "The little black cultivator of cabbages and potatoes would then be seen taking the place of the poor white owner of large bodies of exhausted land, and thus would the negro tend toward freedom as his master became enriched." It would be altogether beside our present purpose to enter upon a discussion of Free Trade, either in its sentimental or commercial relations. We shall not attempt to examine the question either as "men and brethren," or as speculators in cotton or corn, and therefore it is as unnecessary for us to sustain the right of the English legislating manufacturer to do what he likes with his own, or with that of any one else who will allow him, as it is to impugn the free-born American's right to allow English or other men to take from him that which he can keep. Our less ambitious object is to amuse our readers with a peep at both sides of this shield; and truly the variation in the description of it as seen by the "native American" Protectionist and the British Free Trader, is amusing enough.

Beginning from the beginning, the American, of course, traces the origin of slavery in the United States to the colonial policy of Great Britain, which in 1710 produced a resolution of the House of Commons, that "the erecting of manufactories in the colonies had a tendency to lessen their dependance on Great Britain." Its growth he follows through a course of legislation directed in accordance with the spirit of that resolution and of the celebrated declaration of Lord Chatham, to prevent a horse-shoe or a hob-nail from being made by the colonists for themselves. In 1732, the exportation of hats from one North American province to another was prohibited, and the number of apprentices to be taken by hatters was limited; in 1750, the erection of iron

mills was prohibited; in 1765, the emigration of artisans to the colonies was forbidden; in 1781, '82. and '85, it was made unlawful to export to them woollen or cotton, or iron and steel-making machinery; and in 1799, colliers were prevented from seeking their fortunes in the new empire. It was not unnatural that such restrictions as these should be met by counter-restrictions in the shape of protective duties; and that policy was adopted by the Americans, and carried out, until (as Mr. Carey thinks, in an unlucky hour) the "compromise" tariff was adopted in 1832, and by it was introduced the principle of a progressive reduction of import duties, until a common point of twenty per cent. *ad valorem* should be reached, at which they were intended in future to stand, with a view to revenue only. No sooner was this step taken, says the "Native American," than the growth of manufacturing industry was stopped; cotton and woollen mills, and furnaces, and foundries, were closed; free citizens were enslaved by their want of employment and food, and a brisk domestic traffic in slaves rapidly sprung up. "Throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, there was an universal cry of 'Give me work; make your own terms—myself and family have nothing to eat;' and the consequence of this approach towards slavery was so great a diminution in the consumption of food that the prices at which it was exported to foreign countries were lower than they had been for many years; and thus it was that the farmer paid for the system which had diminished the freedom of the laborer and the artisan." Then protection was re-established; the tariff act of 1842, by which high duties were again imposed upon many articles of import, was passed, and "wages rose, and they rose in every department of labor; the evidence of which is to be found in the fact that the consumption of food and fuel greatly increased, while that of cloth almost doubled, and that of iron trebled, in the short period of five years." In an inverse ratio with this prosperity, Mr. Carey says (we cannot say we think he adduces facts to prove his assertion), the domestic slave trade declined; again to spring into activity when, in 1846, the American "legislators were smitten with a love of the system called Free Trade. They were of opinion that America was, by right, an agricultural nation, and that the true way to produce competition for the purchase of labor was to resolve the whole nation into a body of farmers; and the tariff of 1842 was repealed." Then English wares being forced, by their comparative cheapness, into the American market, food and cotton were forced out to pay for them, land was exhausted by being devoted exclusively to the produce of these exportable crops, free labor was cheapened by the diminution of home manufactures, and slave-raising was stimulated by the demand created for slave labor in Texas, Arkansas, and the other new cotton and corn-growing States. Thus is the rape of Uncle Tom from his peaceful and happy hearth, and his sacrifice under the brutal hands of Simon Legree, brought home to the doors of Messrs. Cobden, Bright, and Wilson, and their

associate philanthropists of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

Most of the broad facts in this chain are undeniably true; but they will be found to lead to a different conclusion, when examined from the other side of the shield. The Free-Traders (we may take Mr. McCulloch as a trustworthy exponent of their opinions) admit that the American protective system had the effect of diverting a certain amount of the national capital from the production of cotton, breadstuffs, and tobacco—the equivalents sent to foreigners in payment of manufactured goods—to the direct production of these goods themselves. They proclaim the continuous exhaustion of the lands by the encouraged production of these exportable commodities.

They affirm that it is a contradiction and an absurdity to suppose that free settlers could continue the cultivation of the Southern States on the same scale and with the same vigor that it is now conducted "without the aid of slaves of one kind or other;" and, not doubting for a moment that agriculture *must*, for a long series of years, be the most profitable species of employment in which the citizens of America can engage, they pronounce authoritatively that cultivation could not have been "carried to near its present extent in Louisiana, Alabama, and other States of the Union, but for their all but unlimited command of slave-labor." Argal, says the "Native American," a free trade which encourages and stimulates a branch of agriculture that cannot be carried on without slaves, is a promoter of slavery and the slave-trade. Argal, says the British man and brother, while "we venture to implore your aid, O Americans! to wipe away our common crime and our common dishonor," to abolish that slavery in the institution of which we humbly confess our complicity, no one who has the slightest acquaintance with the condition of America can doubt that a system of protection, which should discourage that cultivation of exportable products in which slavery is a necessity, "is plainly to force a portion of the industry and capital of the country into businesses in which it will be *least* productive."

These conclusions are, as we have said, different, although by no means inconsistent. It may be that freedom of trade is not synonymous with freedom of labor; and it may also be that those businesses in which slave-labor is required are not the least productive. If both inferences may be drawn legitimately from the premises, it must remain with free-trade Abolitionists to strike a balance between morality and commerce. The question may be doubled up with that vexed one between slave-raised and free-grown sugar. It involves, like the Abbess of Quedlinbourg's placket-holes, a case of conscience, and upon it we do not presume to decide. It may not be amiss, however, in passing, to contribute such aid to the solution of the problem, as is contained in the following practical commentary upon an actual result of British philanthropy, which was no doubt represented in Mr. McCulloch's mind, when he referred to the absolute necessity in tropical cultivation for the aid of *slaves of one*

kind or other. The following is an extract from the correspondence of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, quoted by Mr. Carey:—

"HAVANNA, FEB. 11, 1853.

"On the morning of the 7th arrived, from Amoa, Singapore, and Jamaica, the British ship, Panama, Fisher, 522 tons, 131 days' passage, with 261 Asiatics (coolies) on board, to be introduced to the labor of the island, purchased for a service of four years. The loss on the passage was a considerable per-centage, being ninety thrown overboard. The speculators in this material are Messrs. Viloldo, Wardrop and Co., who have permission of the Government to cover 5000 subjects. The cargo is yet held in quarantine.

"On the 8th instant, arrived, from Amoa and St Helena, the ship Blenheim, Molison, 808 tons, 104 days' passage, bringing to the same consignees 412 coolies. Died on the voyage, 38."

It will scarcely be necessary for us to inform our readers that the remedy for slavery and the slave-trade recommended by the Native American, is that indicated in his view of the causes of the malady. He would restore protection to native manufacturing industry everywhere, and thus, as he thinks, bring the loom and the anvil in close propinquity to the plough. "It is needed to raise the *cost of man* by raising the price of food; and that is to be done by bringing the farmer's market to his door, and thus giving value to labor and land. Let the people of Maryland, and Virginia, Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee, be enabled to bring into activity their vast treasures of coal and iron ore, and to render useful their immense water-powers—free the masters from their present dependance on distant markets, in which they *must* sell all they produce, and *must* buy all they consume, and the negro slave becomes free, by virtue of the same great law that in past times has freed the serf of England, and is now freeing the serf of Russia.

"In all countries of the world man has become free as land has acquired value, and as its owners have been enriched; and in all man has become enslaved as land has lost its value, and its owners have been impoverished." To increase the cost of raising slaves would, it is anticipated, abolish slavery; "because the value of the land and its produce grows more rapidly than the value of that portion of the negro's powers that can be obtained from him as a slave, that is, without the payment of wages." Thus—

Money, that, like the sword of kings,
Is the last reason of all things,

is to be the final arbiter of the negro's fate; and so, no doubt, it will; and of the question of free-trade and protection also, let the advocate of each argue ever so wisely. If the views of Mr. Carey be correct, the progressive exhaustion of the American soil will in the end be found to be more than a match for any tariff, home or foreign; and even at this moment, we believe, it is the opinion of many competent judges, that the power of exporting products of the soil has arrived at a point somewhat beyond its zenith in the United States. Whenever there shall be a se-

rious diminution in the quantity of exportable corn, cotton, rice, and tobacco, there will be a diminution in imported calicoes and hardware. In the meantime, philanthropists and freetraders will learn from this slight sketch, what manner of men they are when reflected in an American glass.

THE PAST.

Il passato e passato, e per sempre!—AZELIO.

THE Past is past! with many a hopeful morrow!
Its errors and its good works live with God;
The agony is o'er of joy or sorrow;
The flowers lie dead along the path we trod.

The Past is past! in solemn silence taking,
Alike, the sunny and the rainy day;
On the life altar of the fond heart breaking
Full many an idol built on feet of clay.

The Past is past! in certain still rotation,
Deadening and loosening, as it travelled by,
Each hope that bounds in glad anticipation,
Each vivid passion and each tender tie!

The Past is past! and our young selves departed
Upon the flashing whirl of those fleet years;
Its lessons leave us sadder, stronger hearted,
More slow to live, less prodigal of tears.

The Past is past! and knowledge taught suspicion
To dim the spirit with its foul, cold shine;
For many a base and dark thing finds admission
Amid the wisdom learnt from life and time.

The Past is past! and in that twilight valley
Dwell slow repentance and the vain regret;
Fears for the future from those shadows sadly,
And hang around the path before us yet.

The Past is past! and ah! how few deplore it,
Or would re-live their time had they the power;
Though Nature sometimes weekly weepeth o'er it,
At memory of some wrong, or happier hour.

The Past is past! There's bitter joy in knowing
'T is gone for ever; dead and buried deep,
It lies behind, and on life's stream is flowing,
Where the dark waters of the Dead Sea seep.

The Past is past! in faith and patience, taking
Its lessons, let us lay them on our hearts;
The chain's attenuated links are breaking:
Be earnest!—use the Present ere it parts!

The August number of Blackwood's Magazine contains the coolest specimen of literary larceny that we have met with for many a day. "The Ethnology of Europe"—an article of eighteen pages, and by far the most interesting in the whole number—is stolen bodily, and almost "punctuatim et literatim," from Dr. Nott's "Types of Mankind." It is worth any one's while, who is fond of fun, to take up Blackwood and compare "The Ethnology of Europe" with the original from which it has been so unceremoniously appropriated.—*Mobile Tribune.*

From Chambers's Journal.

OUR JACK.

OUR JACK is as well known as the parish-school he went to with so much reluctance, and at which he stood distinguished as the greatest dunce and the best fighter of all the scholars. He was always either getting into some scrape, or trying to get off from some penal task, which for the life of him he never could execute; so he would throw down his book, play the truant, and run up so awful a reckoning, that it had to be scored on his back. There used to be always somebody coming with complaints to his widowed mother, about what he had been doing to somebody's lad; and she used always to say: "I'll give it him, that I will; he shall have such a talking-to as he never had in the whole course of his life, the instant he comes in—that he shall." Then when Our Jack came in, his mother did give it him—"that she did;" and he calmly heard her to the end, hurrying charge upon charge, and running question into question, until she was fairly out of breath through enumerating the number of punishments she had "a good mind" to inflict upon him; and then Our Jack began to get a word in "edgeways," as he said. "Did n't that woman's boy fetch little lame Bill a rap, and when I telled him he was a coward to go and hit a littler boy nor himself, and one that was a poor cripple, did n't he say as how he would do it again if he liked? and when he went for to hit little Bill again, and he ran crying to me not to let him, then he caught it;" and Our Jack's dark hazel eyes would flash again, as he added: "and I'll give him more next time he meddles with lame Bill, though he is biggerger than I be's; and he may go home and tell his mother again—the coward." Though Our Jack understands nothing about protocols and ultimatus, yet, when he sees oppression and wrong, he fires up at once; and the time he gives to answer his "yes" or "no," is while he throws his head back and raises his clenched fists; and if they do not at once run like scalded cats from the principalities he protects, he is down upon them with his one, two, three. Our Jack, indeed, makes short work of it. Still, he is naturally good-tempered, though, as his dear old doting mother says, "He takes after his poor father, who was a little hasty at times, but it was soon over." His schoolmaster had a way of giving his head a kind of hopeless shake whenever he alluded to Our Jack, though he would sometimes add: "He's a good heart—a noble-hearted lad, but a sad, sad dunce." He was the umpire in all boyish games, and in feats of skill and strength stood unrivalled; and wo be to those who tried to cheat their lesser companions at marbles, buttons, or pitch-and-toss, in the presence of Our Jack, for his jacket-sleeves were furred up in a moment whenever there was a wrong to redress!

Our Jack's greatest fault was a love of water; as his mother used to say: "He ought to have been born a fish, for he's always a-dabbling in it, making boats of everything he can lay his hands on, the instant my back's turned. He has swum my boots, my bonnet, and my bread-pan; tried

how much sugar my basin would carry, and sunk it; served my tea and coffee canisters the same. I've many and many a time found my cups, and saucers, and dishes, at the bottom of the water-butt, and my mustard-pot and pepper-box sunk in the pail; while, if there was a shower of rain, he would send every morsel of firewood, every cork in the house, and indeed everything that would swim, into the gutter, and down the street, and shout and clap his hands like one demented, if his little ships, as he used to call them, beat his big ones. As for his cap and shoes, bless you! they were seldom either on his head or on his feet: if he came to a ditch, a horse-trough, or a pond, off they would come and in they would go; and the only wonder is that he has n't caught his death o' cold over and over again. He ought to have been born a fish, he's so fond of the water." And, like Jack's school-master, his fond old mother would finish with a mournful shake of the head.

A good-natured farmer took Our Jack, and employed him to fetch up the cattle to water, scare away the birds from the corn, and be a little Gib-eonite on the farm; and for a time he went on admirably, until, one day, he was sent to the distant market-town—a small seaport—with the wagoner, and from that hour, as his dear old mother often said afterwards, with the tears in her eyes, "he was a changed lad." All he had hitherto known of ships and sailors was through books and prints; but, having once seen them, Our Jack's old occupation was gone. From morning to night he was making boats, and swimming them wherever water was to be found; he even cut off the skirts of his smock-frock to make sails for his little ships, and to give what remained more the appearance of a sailor's jacket; while every piece of wood he could lay hold of, he converted into a boat; and it was marvellous how he managed, with only his pocket-knife, to cut them into such beautiful forms. Our Jack had his boyish admirers, who were ever eager to accompany him to swim his boats, and wade into ponds to fetch them back when they were becalmed in the middle or did not blow to shore; and amongst these were one or two of rather bad character. If a stray hen had laid in the fields, they would take the eggs, and now and then go the length of robbing an orchard. One ill-starred hour they persuaded Our Jack to join in the depredation; and he consented to keep watch within the orchard-gate, while they made booty of the owner's choicest golden-pippins. If the proprietor came, Jack was to whistle, and keep him on the run round the trees until his vagabond companions escaped through a gap in the hedge. The owner came, and Our Jack was captured: he was promised both pardon and reward if he would give up the names of his accomplices, but Jack would not; so, with a smart box of the ear, and a threat that he should be transported, the culprit was dismissed. That threat decided the fate of Our Jack; on the following morning, he was missing. He had written down his crime on a slate, in his large ungainly school-boy hand, and left it on the table, praying for his mother's and the farmer's forgiveness, and promising in future to be a good lad, and begging of her to

pray for him while away. Round spots on the letters showed where the tears had fallen while he wrote.

Another day came; and, closing her cottage-shutter, and leaving the key under the door, the sad-hearted mother set out, in her weather-stained scarlet cloak to search for Our Jack. She made her way towards the little seaport, inquiring at almost every cottage and toll-gate she passed, and of nearly every traveller she met; but no one had seen him. At length she met the village-carrier returning. Jack had ridden part of the way with him; he had gone to sea. The carrier knew the captain who had taken him; the ship sailed that very morning; he had shaken hands with Our Jack as he went on board. The carrier made no mention of the half-crown he had given the boy, nor how well he had treated him on the road. So the dear old woman returned, and sat down by her solitary cottage-hearth to bemoan the loss of Our Jack. The farmer, whose orchard he had helped to rob, was the first who called to comfort her; and he expressed his regret that he had used a threat which he never intended to execute, as he feared it had driven him away. But her constant comforter was the joiner's pretty little daughter, who lived opposite, and who was always quarrelling and fighting with Our Jack, running in squealing whenever he pursued her, and running after him again the instant his back was turned on her. She seemed as if she could not bear him, and yet was never happy unless when teasing him. She had been the cause of his fighting both her brothers, whom he always thrashed. He had tumbled her among her father's chips, rolled her in his saw-dust, spoiled her frocks with paint, emptied the glue-pot on her hair, been beaten by her father, scolded by her mother, and yet there the little maiden was, beside the widow, shedding tears of sympathy when she saw her weeping for the loss of Our Jack.

Time wore away; the joiner's daughter grew taller and prettier; the widow became resigned; but excepting a few trifling presents, and a short letter or two which had been left at the inn where the village-carrier "put up," his mother received no further tidings of Our Jack, nor had he been more than once to the little seaport from which he first embarked.

Three years elapsed, and there came a longer letter, with an order to draw a sum of money every six months at the banker's in the market town. He had got a berth on board H. M. S. something or other—the schoolmaster said *Vulcan*; the clergyman, *Vulture*; and the little tailor read *Valiant*; but Our Jack wrote such a strange "scrawning hand," as his dear mother called it, that it might mean all manner of things. On turning to the purser's order for the money, it was found to be the *Valiant*, bound for the African coast to intercept slavers. Two more years, and with an increase in the money she drew, there came a rich shawl, which would have become his dear old mother about as well as the dress of a Bloomer; and a pair of beautiful stuffed birds for the joiner's pretty daughter, who had sent "her respects" in his mother's letters. The birds were in the attitude of fighting, which

caused the pretty maiden to laugh, for she said "that was what she was always a-doing with Our Jack;" but her mother said "she had a good cry over them" when she placed them on her chest of drawers in her bedroom. The farmer whose orchard Jack helped to rob, had sent out his best wishes, and had received in return a basket of curious shells, which, as he said, "made his parlor look as fine as fivepence." More letters and presents from time to time, with orders for more money than his dear old mother knew how to spend, and so seven years passed away since he first left home. Meantime, the joiner's pretty daughter had rejected many offers, and grown into the sweetest flower of the village. Another June came on in her chariot of roses, and a smell of new hay hung around the picturesque hamlet, which the carrier's cart was entering two or three hours before sunset, with a beautiful parrot in an immense cage, fastened on the tilt of his vehicle, and a long stuffed sword-fish that hung partly over the shaft-horse, which, with the leader, was decorated with bows of blue ribbons. All the village was out to look at the parrot, the sword-fish, and the horses; and from the hurrahs of the carrier and the waving of his hat, they knew that "he had had his lounce"—meaning that he was pretty tipsy. And while he shouted, a voice from inside the tilted cart kept calling on the horses to move "larboard or starboard," which they, like very wise horses, paid no regard to. With half the villagers behind and around the cart at last halted before the cottage where Our Jack's mother resided, and then both the carrier and his passenger called out lustily "Ship ahoy!" Then the dear old woman came out in her spectacles, thinking he had brought her another letter; and the pretty maiden came tripping from over the way, ready to read it to her as she had always done; when a tall, handsome sailor, as brown as a horse-chestnut, sprang with a bound from the cart-shafts, and knocking off her spectacles as he threw his brawny arms around her, exclaimed, "Dear mother;" while, in a tremulous voice, as she raised her eyes to heaven, she uttered the words, "My son! my dear son!" and all the villagers said, "Why it's Our Jack!" and the pretty maiden recrossed the road, scarlet with blushes, and with a new and strange sensation beating about her heart. She had never dreamed he could have grown so handsome, so bold, and manly looking. As for Our Jack, he had not even noticed her—he had no eyes, no ears, no words for any one saving his dear old mother. The first interview over, there was the carrier's cart to unload; and many a long month had elapsed since the old man had brought such a load, for it was half filled with presents brought by Our Jack, who had something for everybody whose name he could remember—coral, shells, curious sea-weed, stuffed birds and fishes, skins, Indian ornaments, besides more costly articles for his ship had taken several prizes, and his own share of the money amounted to a goodly sum, as he had already risen to the rank of mate. Meantime, the old carrier had shown to the wondering rustics the new silver watch which Jack had given him; and told them how Jack had vowed he would hire a chaise and pair to carry

him home, and not ride with him, if he wouldn't take it as a keepsake.

Partly to ease his fine overflowing heart, and hide the tears which would keep falling, Our Jack went out into the little garden to look at it once more. What numbers of times he had recalled that old lilac tree, with the bees murmuring amid its bloom in spring; that rose-tree covered, as he then saw it, with summer roses; the vine he had trained on the cottage wall, and often wondered if it were hung with purple grapes in autumn; the holly, from which he had gathered crimson berries in winter—and which were all there, though thrice the size since he left home! Ah! how often had they appeared to his inward eye while keeping watch at sea! The sun setting on the cottage window; the daisy-covered field beyond the garden hedge; the old thorn, with its moonlight-colored May blossoms, with the singing of the birds in those golden mornings, had come back upon his waking thoughts, and mingled with his dreams when he lay baking under hatches on the African coast, or riding through the swell of stormier seas. And while these thoughts again passed through his mind, bright eyes were watching him from over the way, peeping out of a corner of the blind, half shy, half shy—her heart as ready to romp as ever it was, but its wild fluttering reined back by maiden modesty; her merry laughter as ready to leap out of her lips as when, in his rough play, he tore the frock from her shoulders, but withheld by a womanly seriousness, which seemed to have deepened since his return. And now Jack's mother joins him in the garden, and tells him all about her—how she attended her in a long illness, and was like a daughter to her, sitting up by night, and watching over her by day; and her eyes fill as she clasps his tar-stained hand, adding, "But for her, Jack, I should have been laid beside your father in the green churchyard. She has been like a dear daughter to me, as well as a loving nurse. I have sent for her to come and take tea with you; but she's turned so shy all at once, that I can't get her to come over."

Passing his hand across his eyes, while a smile chases away the momentary sadness, Our Jack says he'll try what he can do to persuade her; and over the way he goes, carrying with him the rich shawl he has brought for her mother, and the curious pipe and real foreign tobacco for her father. He stays a long time, and his dear mother begins to grow fidgety in watching for them from the window. At last they come: he brings home his prize: arm in arm they come! Happy Jack! happy maiden! joyous old mother! There was some difficulty in getting her to come down stairs: the mother tried, and the father tried in vain, and it was only through Jack coming to the stair-foot at last, and saying, "Come, Mary, I can't go to sea again without bidding you goodbye," that she came. As she put her little, honest, hard-working hand in his, and said, "I'm glad to see you back again," and just raised for a moment her timid eyes, he caught something of the old expression of their squealing, romping days, when they fought and made it up again—a little of the old, arch, harmless wickedness which was even then endearing, as showing her bold and

fearless spirit. Then they were left together for a few minutes. There were traces of tears in her eyes after the interview; but never were they followed by so soft, so sweet, so sunny a smile, as when she came out of the parlor hanging on his arm, and he in his blunt, honest, sailor-like way, said to her parents: "She's consented to be my partner in the cruise through life, if you'll allow it." They understood enough of his nautical imagery to give their consent, and he led her home to his mother, triumphant.

Then he inquired after his old schoolfellows and playmates, and sighed over the memory of those that were dead; and the next morning he stood all alone in the village church-yard, having cleared the low wall with a stride and a skip, and given his trousers a hitch, and paced about with folded arms and rocking gait, as when he walked the deck at sea. And as he thought of those who lay there, and the messmates he had seen lowered into the deep—and above all, of the tarry topman who was his sworn brother, and whose eyes he had closed—tears stood in his eyes, as if at a loss which way to flow along those hardy, sun-tanned cheeks, which neither fear nor danger could furrow. He promised to visit the mother of his dead shipmate; and will, no matter how remote the distance, or great the cost, bear to her his dying wishes; for the promise made to his messmate is sacred in the eyes of OUR JACK.

From Household Words.

CORNWALL'S GIFT TO STAFFORDSHIRE.

CORNWALL has many curious things to show us, and among them is the curious fact that the material for the finer kinds of porcelain, necessary in our Staffordshire potteries, is brought in great part from this western county. We might, if in a moralizing mood, endeavor to show how much better the world would be constituted if we had the arranging thereof. We might argue that England would be much happier and more fortunate if she grew her own tea, coffee, sugar, and cotton, as well as mined her own iron, copper, coal, and salt; that Cornwall would find her rich copper and tin still richer if she had coal to smelt them, instead of sending them to Swansea to be smelted; that South Wales would find her stores of iron ore a still more abundant source of wealth, if she had at hand the rich morsels of ore for which she has now to send to Cumberland; that Staffordshire would make her million of cups and saucers more cheaply if she had the china clay at hand, instead of purchasing it from the south-western counties. It may be so; we know not. But it may be, on the other hand, that we are all better circumstanced now, when mutually dependant one on another, than if more isolated in proud self-reliance. It is indeed a happy ordination that we cannot afford to be independent of one another; that nation is obliged to depend upon nation, country upon country, family upon family.

Be this as it may, it is certainly a remarkable circumstance that Staffordshire, which has in great part a clayey soil, can find it worth while

to send all the way to Cornwall for material of porcelain. One might perhaps have thought that Cornwall should make the porcelain, since Cornwall possesses the porcelain clay; but Cornwall has little brown clay, and little water power, no coal, and is a long way from the centre of England. These deficiencies tell unfavorably; and thus it is better that the clay should be sent to the potters, than that the potters should come to the clay.

The discovery of the qualities of china clay, and the introduction of this substance into our potteries, were marked by many singular circumstances. It involves a bit of chemistry, a bit of geology, a bit of national rivalry and a bit of commercial enterprise.

How many thousands of millions of years ago, according to Chinese chronology, the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire have been making porcelain, it would be hard to say; but the Portuguese appear to have been the first to render their productions familiar to Europeans. As to the name, some derive it from *porcellana*, the Portuguese name for a cup; but it is just as likely that the cup was named from the substance as the substance from the cup. The European collectors of Chinese and Japanese porcelain were for a long time puzzled to account for the composition of the substance. The peculiar translucency led them to think that egg-shells were concerned in the matter, and a theory was broached that porcelain was made from a mixture of broken egg and sea-shells, which had been buried in the earth during a great number of years.

The Jesuits were destined to throw light upon this matter. Francis Xavier d'Entrecolles established himself in China as a missionary; and, with the energy which has generally distinguished the Jesuits, he sought to discover useful facts, as well as to make religious converts. He contrived to elude the vigilance of the authorities, and to insinuate his nose into the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at King-te-Ching; he even obtained specimens of the earths and clays employed in the manufacture. He wrote a circumstantial letter on the subject, which afterwards appeared in Grosier's *Description of China*: but the Jesuit did not very well understand the technical parts of his subject; and he threw but a dusky light on the matter.

Two men, about a century and a quarter ago, resolved, independently of each other, to ferret out the secret of this Chinese porcelain. They were Bötticher, of Saxony, and Réaumur, of France. Bötticher was led to the research by accident; Réaumur was led by D'Entrecolles' letter.

Baron de Bötticher, an alchemist, made and baked some crucibles, wherein to convert the philosopher's stone into gold; and he observed that—whether from some peculiarity in the composition or in the baking—the substance of the crucibles presented a remarkable resemblance to Chinese porcelain. The baron wisely abandoned the chimera of gold-making, and set about a further examination of the crucible question. He was working with Tschirnhaus at the time, in the royal alchemical establishment at

Dresden; for kings were alchemists in those days. When his discovery was made, his royal master—who was King of Poland as well as Elector of Saxony—fitted up a laboratory for him at Meissen, provided every comfort, and gave him a coach wherein to travel to and from Dresden; but Bötticher was everywhere accompanied by an officer, so solicitous was the king that the secret should not transpire. Bötticher and Tschirnhaus worked hard and enthusiastically, and at length produced translucent porcelain equal to that of China. The king established a royal porcelain manufactory at Meissen, of which Bötticher was made director; and, at this establishment, has ever since been produced what is known by the name of Dresden china.

Meanwhile Réaumur was prosecuting an independent series of investigations. He procured specimens of porcelain from different quarters, broke them, examined their internal structure; burnt them, and observed how they withstood the action of the fire. The Jesuits had sent over from China specimens of two kinds of earth, called kaolin and petuntse, employed in making Chinese porcelain; Réaumur experimented on these. He found that kaolin resisted the action of fire; that petuntse became fused; and that a mixture of both assumed a porcelanic appearance.

Such being the case, Réaumur had next to discover whether France contained these two kinds of earth, or others nearly analogous to them. The search was successful; and, without originating the celebrated porcelain works at Sèvres (for they previously existed), it enabled them to enter upon a career of renown.

At the time when these researches were being made in Saxony and France, the English potters made very little else than common coarse-ware; but, when Wedgwood came upon the busy scene he made many and valuable improvements. He introduced the table-ware, dense, durable, well-glazed, and cheap; then, the Queen's ware: a superior kind of table-ware, to which royal approval was awarded; then *terra cotta*: a kind of pottery with which Wedgwood was enabled to imitate porphyry, granite, Egyptian pebble, and other beautiful stones; then, basalt, or black-ware, a black porcellanic biscuit, hard enough to emit sparks when struck with steel, capable of taking a high polish, and having a power to resist the action of corrosive acid and strong heat; then, white porcelain biscuit, having a smooth, wax-like appearance; then, bamboo biscuit, differing from the last named chiefly in color; then, jasper, a white porcellanic biscuit of exquisite delicacy and beauty: yet he did not practise the art of making true porcelain; at the time when the chief part of his labors were carried on, the existence of the proper kinds of earth in England was scarcely known.

It was not by Wedgwood—it was not in Staffordshire—that the porcelain manufactory was first introduced in England. Porcelain was made at Bow, and at Chelsea, before Wedgwood's busy times; but the porcelain he made was what collectors called soft, being made of soft substances, unable to bear the action of a high temperature, and having likewise a very soft glaze, which

could be scratched with a knife. It was made of white clay, alum bay-sand, and pounded glass. Indeed, the first Chelsea porcelain is believed to have been little other than opaque glass. English kings do not, like their foreign regal brethren, establish and maintain royal porcelain manufactories: but George the Second bestowed the light of his gracious countenance on the Chelsea ware; and for many years it was all the rage. At one time, as soon as a service of this ware was made, it was sold by auction as soon as kilned, and bought eagerly by dealers. Horace Walpole speaks of a service which the king purchased for twelve hundred pounds, as a present to the Duke of Mecklenburg. Dr. Johnson figures as a potter, in Faulkner's History of Chelsea. He had a notion that he could improve the quality of porcelain, and obtained permission to try his experiments at the Chelsea works.—

"He was accordingly accustomed to go down with his housekeeper about twice a-week, and stayed the whole day, she carrying a basket of provisions with her.

The Doctor, who was not allowed to enter the mixing-room, had access to every other part of the house, and formed his composition in a particular apartment, without being overlooked by any one. He had also free access to the oven, and superintended the whole process."—But, alas! the maker of a dictionary could not make porcelain. "He completely failed both as to composition and baking; for, his materials always yielded to the intensity of the heat, while those of the company came out of the furnace perfect and complete." The works declined and were discontinued about the commencement of George the Third's reign; but the Chelsea porcelain is much sought for by connoisseurs and dealers. We hear of four guineas apiece for dessert plates, and twenty-five guineas for a couple of teacups, as having been given at auctions.

Besides Chelsea, there were established in the last century porcelain manufactories at Bow, Worcester, Derby, Coalbrook Dale, Rotherham, and elsewhere; but these were exclusively devoted to soft-paste porcelain, innocent of the kaolin and petuntse of China.

It was a west of England man, Mr. Cookworthy, who, about ninety years ago, discovered that Cornwall produced the very kaolin and petuntse which enabled the Chinese to manufacture their beautiful, hard, translucent porcelain; or, if not actually the same earths, earths sufficiently near to answer the same purpose. This was the dawning day of the present porcelain manufacture of England; but, as in many other cases, it did not dawn brightly for the discoverers. Mr. Cookworthy established a manufactory at Bristol, and took out a patent for the exclusive use of the Cornish earth in a certain stage of preparation; applying his skill and capital to the enterprise. But he failed. It may have been that Wedgwood, then rising rapidly into fame, monopolized the favor of the great; or it may have been—but, no matter; Cookworthy parted with his patent right, and neither he nor the buyers made much out of it. The fact lived, however: the fact that Cornwall contains stone

and clay which contribute towards the manufacture of the finest porcelain.

It is just possible that there are other districts in the United Kingdom where these substances might be, and perhaps are, met with; but there are mineralogical reasons why they must be sought for in a granite region. We must therefore pay a little attention to the geologists and mineralogists, and endeavor to become learned about felspar, and mica, and quartz.

Sir H. De la Beche tells us that china-clay is made from decomposed granite, and that therefore it is only in a granite region that the substance must be sought. The miners call the rock or stone, soft growan; it frequently contains tale in the place of mica, and is characterized by the partial decomposition of the felspar. This growan has two degrees of softness. The hardest and finest pieces very much resemble the Chinese kaolin; they are quarried under the name of china-stone, and are cut into square pieces convenient for transport to Staffordshire, and the other pottery districts; but, the softer specimens, which are dug out of pits rather than quarried from a rock, more resemble the Chinese petuntse. They require a more elaborate preparation to separate the quartz from the finer particles of the decomposed felspar; and when so prepared, the substance obtains the name of china-clay or porcelain earth. It is chiefly at two places that this disintegrated granite is met with; near Hensbarrow Hill, between Bodmin and St. Austell; and near Cornwallwood, on the southern margin of Dartmoor; but the first-named is by far the most prolific locality.

The reader will be pleased to imagine himself taking part with us in a run or a gallop through this portion of the Cornish territory. We are mounted on the Magnet coach. Our driver has been touched by the moustache movement; he is a smart fellow; and, with his moustache, his white hat, and the rose in the button-hole, is a sight to see, and an object of admiration to barmaids and turnpike-gate maidens. Our Magnet is piled to the roof; for the railway days of Cornwall are yet to come, and hence the coaches load well. Nevertheless, laden though it be, we have the boxes and trunks forming a wall at our backs, and have before us a clear view, and a keen sniff of air, and such humble attempts at the picturesque as the centre of Cornwall can afford.

Away we rattle—we have crossed the Hamoaze by the steam floating-bridge at Davenport—we have rolled along well to Liskeard the straggling, and have gone thence to Bodmin of the single street; we have turned south for Bodmin towards St. Austell, and we are now crossing one of the dreary granite regions which remarkably characterize Cornwall.

While looking out sharply for anything new on this Bodmin and St. Austell road, we find that the steam-engines and above ground tackle of the copper and tin mines are generally speaking the most conspicuous objects; but, about half way on the route, when surrounded by unmistakable granite, lo! there is a white region dazzling the eye. White buildings, white heaps,

white dust on the ground, white pap in white tanks, white water running in streams, white men carrying about white lumps, white railways and white roads bearing white carts filled with white bricks of white earth. The White Lady, or La Dame Blanche, might be queen of such a place. It lies on both sides of our road, and extends over acre after acre of space. It is a china-clay establishment, belonging to a company; and it is not an uninteresting fact to reflect that china-clay should be sent from the centre of Cornwall to the centre of Staffordshire, and should pay well for the cost of carriage.

By the good permission of our smart Jehn we will alight hereabout, and ferret out the rationale of this china-clay affair. It appears that the locality for working is selected with reference mainly to these two points—that the rock or material shall contain as little as possible besides the decomposed felspar of the granite; and that there shall be available streams of water at hand.

The decomposed rock always contains some quartz; and to remove this, the stuff is exposed on an inclined plane to a fall of a few feet of water, which washes it down to a trench. From the trench, the pulp, or paste, is conducted to the catch-pits, a series of tanks succeeding one another at lower and lower levels. The quartz and other unwelcome components are in great part retained in the first catch-pits; or, are captured in one or other of the following pits; inasmuch that that which finally flows out, is water-charged with very fine white earth, free from gritty particles.

The creamy liquid is allowed to settle in a pond or large tank; and when so settled, the supernatant water flows from it through holes left for the purpose. This process is repeated with fresh portions of the white mixture, until the tank is filled with fine white clay, which is left until stiffened and thickened sufficiently to be cut into blocks of nine or ten inches cube.—These blocks are carried to a roofed building through which the air can freely pass. When dry, the blocks are carefully scraped on all sides—for the potters are mighty particular in respect to the quality—and they are then in a state to be transported in carts to St. Austell, and thence to Charlestown, the little harbor of St. Austell. From Charlestown it finds its way by sea, to Liverpool; and from Liverpool to the Staffordshire potteries, either by canal or railway.—There is also a goodly quantity sent to Worcester; one of the head-quarters of the fine porcelain manufacture. Some eight or ten thousand tons are thus shipped in a year.

Besides the first-class china clay, which our Magnet ride reveals to us, there is an inferior kind found in Devonshire, and which receives very little preparation. It exists at Bovey Tracey, and is shipped at Teignmouth, in much larger quantity than the finer kind is shipped from Cornwall.

It is supposed that decomposed granite has been washed down from Dartmoor, leaving the grosser particles at the higher end of the descent, and allowing the finer sediment to accumulate below. The mode of collecting the earth is very

simple. A large rectangular pit is sunk, and the sides are supported by wood; the men cut out the earth or clay in cubical masses of thirty or forty pounds each, and hand these up by means of pointed tools, or prongs, until they reach the surface; it is carried to clay cellars, dried, and then packed off to the Potteries without any further preparation. As a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, the china-stone, containing quartz as well as felspar, is the cheapest of the three; the natural china-clay of Bovey Tracey is the next in value; and the prepared china-clay is the most expensive.

From Household Words.

THE TURKS' CELLAR.

I ENTER the old town of Vienna from Leopoldstadt by the Ferdinand Bridge; and walking for a few minutes parallel with the river, come into a hollow called the Tiefer Grund; passing next under a broad arch which itself supports a street spanning the gully, I find on the left hand a rising ground which must be climbed in order to reach a certain open space of a triangular form, walled in by lofty houses, called "Die Freieung," the Deliverance. In it there is an old wine house, the Turks' Cellar, and there belongs to this spot one of the legends of Vienna.

In the autumn of the year sixteen hundred and twenty-seven, when the city was so closely invested by the Turks, that the people were half famished, there stood in the place now called "Freieung," or thereabouts, the military bakery for that portion of the garrison which had its quarters in the neighborhood. The bakery had to supply not only the soldiers; but bread was made in it to be doled out to destitute civilians by the municipal authorities; and, as the number of the destitute was great, the bakers there employed had little rest. Once in the dead of the night, while some of the apprentices were getting their dough ready for the early morning batch, they were alarmed by a hollow ghostly sound as of spirits knocking in the earth. The blows were regular and quite distinct, and without cessation until cockcrow. The next night these awful sounds were again heard, and seemed to become louder and more urgent as the day drew near; but, with the first scent of morning air, they suddenly ceased. The apprentices gave information to the town authorities; a military watch was set; and the cause of the strange noises in the earth was very soon discovered. The enemy was under ground; the Turks, from their camp on the Leopoldsborg, were carrying a mine under the city; and not knowing the levels, had approached so nearly to the surface that there was but a mere crust between them and the bake-house floor.

What was to be done? The danger was imminent—the remedy must be prompt and decisive. A narrow arm of the Danube ran within a hundred yards of the place: pick and spade were vigorously plied, and in a short time a canal was cut between the river and the bakery. Little knew the Turks of the cold water that could then

at any time be thrown upon their undertaking. All was still. The Viennese say that the hostile troops already filled the mine, armed to the teeth, and awaiting only a concerted signal to tell them that a proposed midnight attack on the walls had diverted the attention of the citizens. Then they were to rush up out of the earth and surprise the town. But the besieged, forewarned and forearmed, suddenly threw the floodgates open, and broke a way for the water through the new canal under the bakehouse floor; down it went bubbling, hissing, and gurgling into the dark cavern, where it swept the Mussulmans before it, and destroyed them to a man.

This was the origin of the Turks' Cellar; and although the title is perhaps unjustly appropriated by the winehouse I have mentioned, yet there is no doubt that the tale is true, and that the house at any rate is near the spot from which its name is taken. Grave citizens even believe that the underground passage still exists, walled and roofed over with stone, and that it leads directly to the Turks' camp, at the foot of the Leopoldsborg. They even know the size of it, namely, that it is of such dimensions as to admit the marching through it of six men abreast. Of this I know nothing; but I know from the testimony of a venerable old lady,—who is not the oldest in Vienna,—that the bakers' apprentices were formerly allowed special privileges in consideration of the service once rendered by some of their body to the state. Indeed, the procession of the bakers, on every returning anniversary of the swamping of the Turks, when they marched horse and foot from the Freieung, with banners, emblems, and music, through the heart of the city to the grass-grown camp outside the city walls, was one of the spectacles that made the deepest impression on this chatty old lady in her childhood.

The Turks' Cellar is still famous. It is noted now, not for its bread or its canal water, but for its white wine, its baked veal, and its savoury chickens. Descend into its depths (for it is truly a cellar and nothing else) late in the evening, when citizens have time and money at their disposal, and you find it full of jolly company. As well as the tobacco smoke will permit you to see what the place resembles, you would say that it is like nothing so much as the after cabin of a Gravesend steamer on a summer Sunday afternoon. There is just such a row of tables on each side; just such a low roof; just such a thick, palpable air, uncertain light, and noisy, steamy crowd of occupants. The place is intolerable in itself, but fall-to upon the steaming block of baked veal which is set before you; clear your throat of the tobacco smoke by mighty draughts of the pale yellow wine which is its proper accompaniment; finally, fill a deep-bowled meerschau with Three Kings tobacco, creating for yourself your own private and exclusive atmosphere, and you begin to feel the situation. The temperature of mine host's cellar aids imagination greatly in recalling the idea of the old bakehouse, and there comes over you, after a while, a sense of stifling that mixes with the nightmare usually constituting in this place an after-supper nap. In the waking lethargy that

succeeds, you feel as if jostled in dark vaults by a mob of frantic Turks, laboring heavily to get breath, and sucking in foul water for air.

Possibly when fully awakened you begin to consider that the Turks' Cellar is not the most healthful place of recreation to be in; and, cleaving the dense smoke, you ascend into the sunlight. Perhaps you stroll to some place where the air is better, but which may still have a story quite as exciting as the catastrophe of the imperial bakehouse: perhaps to Bertholdsdorf; a pretty little market town, with a tall-steeped church, and a half-ruined battlement, situated on the hill slope about six miles to the south of Vienna. It forms a pretty summer day's ramble. Its chronicler is the worthy Marktrichter, or Town-justice, Jacob Trinksgeld; and his unvarnished story, freely translated, runs thus:

"When the Turkish army, two hundred thousand strong without their allies, raised the siege of Raab, the retreating host of rebels and Tartars were sent to overrun the whole of Austria below the Enns, on this side of the Danube, and to waste it with fire and sword. This was done. On the ninth of July, detached troops of Spahis and Tartars appeared before the walls of Bertholdsdorf, but were beaten back by our armed citizens. These attacks were repeated on the tenth and twelfth, and also repulsed; but as at this time the enemy met with a determined resistance from Vienna, which they had invested, they gathered in increased force about our devoted town, and on the fifteenth of July attacked us with such fury on every side, that, seeing it was no longer possible to hold out against them, partly from their great numbers and partly from our failing of powder; and moreover, seeing that they had already set fire to the town in several places, we were compelled to seek shelter with our goods and chattels in the church and fortress, neither of which were as yet touched by the flames.

"On the sixteenth, the town itself being then in ashes, there came a soldier dressed in the Turkish costume, save that he wore the leathern jerkin of a German horseman, into the high-street and waving a white cloth, he called out in the Hungarian language to those of us who were in the fortress, that if we would ask for grace, both we and ours should be protected, and a safe conduct (*salva quartia*) given to us that should be our future defence. Thereupon we held honest council together, citizens and neighbors then present, and in the meantime gave reply, translated also into Hungarian, that if we should agree thereto, we would set up a white flag upon the tower as a sign of our submission. Early on the morning of the nineteenth of July, there came a Pacha from the camp at Vienna, at the head of a great army, and with him the same Turk who had on the previous day made the proposal to us. And the Pacha sat himself down upon a red carpet spread on the bare ground close by the house of Herr Streninger, till we should agree to his terms. It was five o'clock in the morning before we could make up our minds.

"Then, when we were all willing to surrender, our enemies demanded, in the first place, that

two of our men should march out of the fortress as hostages, and that two Turks should take their places with us; and that a maiden, with loose streaming hair, and a wreath upon her forehead, should bring forth the key of the town, seeing that this place had never till then been taken by an enemy. Further, they demanded six thousand florins ransom from us, which, however, we bated to four thousand, handing to them two thousand florins at once, upon three dishes, with the request that the remainder should be allowed to stand over till the forthcoming day of John the Baptist. As soon as this money had been paid over to them, the Pacha called such of our faithful garrison as were in the church to come out and arrange themselves in the square, that he might see how many safe-conducts were required; but, as each armed man came to the door, his musket was torn out of his hand, and such as resisted were dragged by the hair of the head into the square by the Turks, and told that they would need no weapons, seeing that to those who sought for mercy the passes would be sufficient protection. And thus were our arms carried away from us.

"As soon as the whole garrison, thus utterly defenceless, were collected in the public square, there sprang fifty Turks from their horses, and with great rudeness began searching every one of them for money or other valuables; and the citizens began already to see that they were betrayed into a surrender, and some of them tried to make their escape—among others, Herr Streninger, the town-justice; but he was struck down immediately, and he was the first man murdered. Upon this, the Pacha stood up, and began to call out with a loud, clear voice to his troops, and as they heard his words, they fell upon the

unarmed men in the market-place, and hewed them down with their scimitars without pity or remorse—sparing none in their eagerness for the butchery, and which, in spite of their haste, was not ended until between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. Of all our citizens, only two escaped the slaughter, and they contrived to hide themselves in the tower, but those who fled out of the town were captured by the Tartars and instantly despatched. Then, having committed this cruel barbarism, they seized the women and children who had been left for safety in the church, and carried them away into slavery, taking care to burn and utterly destroy the fortress ere they departed. And when Vienna was relieved, and the good people there came among the ruins of Bertholdsdorf, they gathered together the headless and mangled remains of our murdered citizens to the number of three thousand five hundred, and buried them all in one grave."

In "eternal remembrance" of this catastrophe, the worthy town-justice, Trinksgeld, in seventeen hundred, ordered a painting to be executed, representing the fearful scene described. It occupies the whole of one side of the Town-hall, and in its quaint minuteness of detail, and defiance of perspective—depicting, not merely the slaughter of the betrayed Bertholdsdorfers, but the concealment of the two who were fortunate enough to escape, and who are helplessly apparent behind some loose timber—would be ludicrous, were it not for the sacred gravity of the subject.

As it is, we quit the romantic little town with a sigh, and turning our faces towards Vienna, wonder what the Young Turks of eighteen hundred and fifty-four may possibly think of the Old Turks of one hundred and thirty years ago.

From The Spectator.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN—CONNECTED—WITH—THE—PRESS.

A NEW corps has been brought upon the field of battle—the gentlemen "connected with the press" have appeared there. They had put in an appearance, hitherto only by one or few members of their body—our "special correspondent" of the *Times* being the mover. But we might have made sure that the pushing fraternity would not suffer the post of honor to be so exclusively occupied; others are there already; and not long hence we may expect that no important battle will pass without a due number of black notebooks being opened as soon as the engagement commences. The season for hostilities will be as regularly marked by the newspaper-reader as the opening of the session: and an important engagement will be expected as punctually at breakfast-time as an important debate, and almost as soon. We have before had letters from the field, more or less ably written, more or less full of life and vigor; but this is the first occasion, we imagine, on which the

power of reporting, as it has been developed amongst us, has been extended from Parliament and public meeting to the battle-field; and the results cannot fail to be very important for our own country, and for the world at large.

Not that we expect perfect accuracy, or entire comprehensiveness, in the accounts from "the gallery." We know that often the close atmosphere and cross echoes of "the House" have sufficed as excuses for very imperfect and very erroneous reports; how much more must it be so when the smell of gunpowder and a cross fire of the field are the distractions of "the gallery." Still, the reporting machinery is about the best means we possess of transmitting a view of living action. Your military man may be more accurate; your commander-in-chief may take a comprehensive view; but neither one knows the art of reporting, which is at least half the battle—in the newspaper sense. Take the current accounts. Marshal St. Arnaud, in addition to direct military evolutions, had to satisfy the French appetite for the peculiar style of commentaries which the French public expects from their Cæsar;

Lord Raglan was busy all day about other matters, and could only send a very concise summary of the broad results. More than one officer has laid down the sword to take up the pen and tell us what happened; but he views it from the military point, and does not know how to take the place from which alone the civilian, perhaps the Cockney, can survey the scene and understand it. Our "special correspondent" is perfectly au fait; for him, the heights above the Alma are the heights of Richmond Hill "protracted for four miles:" multitudes besides the Londoners view the battle from that familiar standing-place, and arrive at a better comprehension of the movement than yards of military despatches could furnish.

A military man will tell you that "cavalry appeared in the distance"; our special civilian describes "the dark masses" which "to the practised eye" appear cavalry. The officer accustomed to such things tells you that there are sick in hospital; the civilian describes the sick men "falling out and carried to the rear," "litter after litter passing to the carts." The civilian is struck with the novelty of round shot dancing through the squadrons of cavalry who disperse into broken lines and wheel to dodge the unwelcome arrival. The Thames narrowed to the size of a Hampshire rivulet, wriggling between banks high alternately on either side, shallow but rough, is the base-line from which the British and French troops dash up the four-mile wide Richmond Hill, while the Russian artillery, posted halfway, mows down the coming ranks, and the Russian infantry atop awaits the irrepressible English, only to vacate the ground, laden with dead bodies as it flies. The home-stopping reader sees it all as it happened; knows what really takes place on the field of battle; finds that Landseer's picture of War realizes the scene of wounded horses; describes the Member for Westminster, that venerable and not always fluent speaker, dashing gallantly on in the very thickest of the mitraille; and, in short, understands the whole scene and operations as if the report came no further than from Richmond Hill.

It is a grand application of one of our modern kinds of machinery. When Johnson reported debates under feigned classic names, a fortnight was considered not too long for preparing the account; we now have the grand debate upon the banks of the Alma within the same space of time, besides hastier sketches many days sooner, and without feigned names. Theory on the subject of war, its horrors and its splendid opportunities for drawing forth the noblest qualities of our nature, will be superseded by recent fact, with all the freshness that makes the reader ready to devour it and able to assimilate it in his mind.

There is something characteristic and pleasant, professionally, in the new application of the reporting machinery. That most pushing of animals "the gentlemen connected with the press" here shows that his gay audacity is not unaccompanied by the most sterling courage. He can sit at the receipt of balls, one amongst a party dodging the round shot, participating the risk for life and limb, and yet write with as pleasant a style and as firm a hand as if there were nothing more to agitate than the Rupert sallies of a Derby. The process is not more characteristic of our latest manners than it is of the strong contrast between ourselves and our great enemy. To suppress, pervert, disguise, minimize, and falsify, are the rule of Russian reporting; the very generals must not tell what has happened. We throw open the battle-field to "the gallery"; confident in our own strength, we permit the facts themselves to stand before the eye of the reader; and the banks of the Alma have become as familiar for the day as the banks of the Thames.

From The Spectator, 14 Oct.

AMERICAN CONFERENCE IN EUROPE.

WHILE the relations of the great European Powers are growing more complicated, another Power for the first time appears upon the field, though still in a modest attitude. A conference of American Ministers has already assembled on neutral territory, for the purpose, it is understood, of bringing together information from the different states in order that they may lay that information before the President of the American Republic, and so prepare the Government at Washington for presenting itself in any future congress to settle the relations of Europe. The Ambassadors to England and France have arrived at the conference, and Mr. Soule is not absent. The simple event is pregnant with meaning for the future.

The explanation of the motive and purpose of a conference of American Ministers on the European Continent is intelligible—is consistent with the progress of America in power and influence, and with the present posture of affairs. The present war must come to an end sooner or later. There is no expectation in America, any more than in England, that it will terminate within a twelve month from this period: it may terminate sooner, or be protracted indefinitely longer. At the conclusion there will of course be a congress to settle the conditions of peace and the relations of litigants; and at that congress America, in some way or other, intends to be present. By the previous conference, now pending, will the American Government be assisted in prepar-

ing to advance its claim in the manner most conducive to American influence, and least alarming or offensive to other parties engaged. There is a strong feeling in the United States that a better understanding reciprocally of the views entertained in Europe and in America would obviate interruptions to friendly feeling.

As an example of the subjects upon which America is misunderstood, Cuba is instanced; and the question of right and wrong in that matter is of course distinct from the question respecting the nature of American motives and views. A thoroughgoing patriot of the Republic is proud to boast that no land has been annexed to the United States without having been duly acquired under treaty, and even paid for. France was paid for Louisiana, Spain for Florida, the Indians are compensated for their ceded land; and even Mexico, beaten as she was, received a price, with which she professed to be contented, for California. "Lawless annexation" is not desired—is disliked. During the troubles of 1837, when the Canadians declared themselves on various grounds to be oppressively treated by Great Britain, there were organizations along the whole extent of the Western border, for the purpose of assisting the colonists in a stand-up fight to conquer their liberty and independence. It was not solely by abstract political principles that the Americans were moved. A very great number had personal relations with individuals on the British side of the border. Sprung from the same stock, bearing the same names, speaking the same language, they were, sometimes literally, cousins; and when Tom Styles on the North of the border declared in the tone of complaint that he was wrongously treated, John Nokes on the South side told his old woman that he was thinking of taking his rifle and being off for a month or two to help his cousins in getting their own. The Government at Washington felt an anxiety on that subject which could scarcely be appreciated in this country; since here our Government either absolutely concurs in any object supported by the popular acclaim, or it possesses the power to suppress any irregular manifestations of general opinion. Any Government with responsibilities beyond the frontier would be desirous to restrain the action of its citizens upon foreign ground; but the American Government, subject to the body of citizens, does not possess the imperial power to "put down" the people. The gordian knot was cut by the British Government, which instituted a liberal policy in Canada, superseded internal questions of faction and disaffection, rendered Canada tranquil, annulled the occasion for American sympathy, and relieved the Executive at Washington from anxiety. No one hears of Canadian annexation now; no

one fears border troubles; and the Executive is applauded in passing reciprocity treaties with Lord Elgin.

Viewed in this manner from Washington, the case of Cuba appears strictly analogous to that of Canada. Whatever grand distinctions we may see, the American statesman at once discerns exactly the same troubles in the direction of Cuba that it escaped in the direction of Canada. There is a far more widespread connection between the Spanish islands and the Anglo-American states than we always remember. Havanna is an agreeable place in winter, with a softer air than most of the American towns can boast, with varied entertainments, and a pleasant society. It is therefore much frequented by Americans who dread or dislike a harsh winter. On the other hand unwholesome even for the Creoles in summer, it is deserted by many of them, who rush to the watering-places of the Union, and there form another round of personal acquaintance. The Americans in Cuba acquire a strong sympathy for an European race under great and mortifying subjection. Offices of trust, political power, exercises of authority, are monopolized for Spaniards born. They alone are trusted; they can mulct the islanders; they can pocket pelf; and they can insult those whom they oppress. Again, the Cuban visiting the Republic acquires a strong liking for the personal freedom which he finds enjoyed by everybody with a white skin. He returns imbued with an Anglo-Saxon view of public policy. He becomes "suspect;" and probably, if there is any insurrection to repress, the Spaniard-born officials who are anxious not to subtract from the tribute sent to the Madrid Government which appoints them, notifies some three hundred or so of those suspected Liberals, that they shall be fined to pay for the expenses of defence. Thus fines are inflicted broadcast, without control; and a wrong is sustained which commercial Americans can perfectly understand, which all Americans resent by sympathy. The feeling extends every day. There is an idea constantly gaining ground that the genuine Cubans—the residents of European extraction who are born on the island—*desire* to join the Union, but are prevented by foreign Royalists at a distance. Every State in the Union sympathizes with that position; the individual friends of the Cubans feel political sympathies animated by personal regard; and some thousands, whose numbers are continually increasing, are ready to act as a volunteer auxiliary corps in Cuba. These thousands again possess the sympathy of tens of thousands; and the American Executive would contravene public opinion if it appeared fighting on the side of Absolute Spain against the Cuban form of "Native Americanism." Were Spain

free to copy the conduct of the English Government, the Executive of Washington would be released from an urgent anxiety, and would find no necessity to buy peace, as it proposes to buy it, in purchasing Cuba from insolvent Spain with a large sum of money.

In the American view which we are stating, the interests of all parties would be served by such an arrangement. Cuba, of course, is supposed to be anxious, on every ground political and social; while commercially it would share the prosperity that extends to the whole Union. France and England, who have committed themselves to some advocacy of Spanish rights, are believed to have a material interest in sanctioning the release of Cuba from a fiscal and customs system which prevents the large trade that might otherwise be enjoyed by the merchants of Western Europe. Spain herself, so Washington thinks, would not lose if she had in hand a sum of money equivalent to a few future years of Cuban revenue, and were released from those military and naval expenses which she now incurs to retain the island, and which probably leave to her annually only a nominal profit upon the possession. Moreover, money would rescue Spain from the weight of debt with which she now vainly struggles, would supply the means for developing her internal resources, and would be

the first step towards placing her on a level with other European countries.

Now it is believed in Washington, that a more perfect understanding in England of questions like these would be as conducive to cement the friendly feeling between the great states on either side of the Atlantic, as unquestionably a better comprehension of English politics developed in Canada has contributed to the esteem and confidence of Americans for England.

Already American influence has procured consideration for some questions, concessions upon some points, which the Union had greatly at heart. The immunity for neutrals during war is a decided tribute to American influence. Although not greatly locomotive, the power of America it would be preposterous to deny. The stake which she has acquired in the wide extension of her commerce is equally manifest; and the degree to which that commerce is influenced by treaties arranged between European powers is equally evident. The advantage of knowing the wishes, and of receiving any advice which American statesmen can contribute to deliberation upon the political arrangements of the civilized world, could hardly be despised by any assemblage of European statesmen.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

St. John's College, Cambridge.

IN the *Spectator* of September 9th there were some remarks on open-air preaching, which made me desirous of writing a few lines to you; other engagements have prevented my doing so hitherto, but I trust it is not yet too late.

I must confess myself grieved at the tone of your remarks, and disappointed too, for I doubted not you would have hailed the present movement among the clergy with satisfaction and cordiality, as being one of hopeful promise. It may not of itself, if it go no farther, produce much fruit, but it is at least an indication of the spirit that is growing within our Church, and which will, it is to be hoped, continue to expand and grow, until the spirit of the Apostles is once more among us, and the Christian church becomes a mighty engine, not only diffusing life and health among its own members, but carrying the truth, over all obstacles, to every part of the world. That "many other things, altogether unsuited to the customs and costume of England in the nineteenth century, can be justified by texts from Scripture," seems to me to have little application here. It would, certainly, if the preachers who are now practising this innovation were doing so merely for the sake of health, or for some similar consideration; but if they are doing it, as we believe they are, in a missionary spirit, as apostles of Christ, "sent forth to seek that which is lost," then we can hardly say they are "justified by

texts of Scripture," but that they are doing what they are plainly commanded to do, and ever have been commanded to do, and what common sense too would say they must do, if they wish to perform the task God has given them. The whole spirit of the New Testament—the example of Christ and all his followers, which they are bound to imitate—and the natural reason of every man are on their side. It is very likely that what they do is not at all consonant with the customs of the world in the nineteenth century; but when was apostleship consonant with worldliness? when was preaching anything else than foolishness? God does not alter, however much we may; nor does human nature alter, however much the outward phase of the world may; preaching is as much needed now, and as well suited to draw men to Christ, as ever it was; and the injunction: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," is as urgent at this very moment on the ministers of Christ; and the promise: "Lo! I am with you unto the end of the world," is to them, as much as ever it was to the disciples of eighteen hundred years ago.

It is not lowness that is required in the preacher, it is earnestness. Paul was not a "low" man; neither do I believe Wesley can, with truth, be called "low;" but there is a living example, on whom the imputation cannot, I am sure, rest for a moment. Father Ignatius, a Roman Catholic missionary and brother to Earl Spencer, is a man whom all our English clergymen would do well

to imitate. In the most crowded and dirty courts and alleys of Tooley Street, his voice was heard pleading, in all-absorbing earnestness, for the souls of the poor wretched creatures who live there; and it was so that the Roman Catholic chapel in Maze Pond was filled with its mingled assembly of worshippers, and it is so that the phenomenon you remark, in congregations of that persuasion, has always been produced.

If we want the poor to throng to our churches, we must draw them thither in the same way. But we must not stop short with filling our churches. The present staff of ministers in England, if all in earnest, are sufficient to evangelize the whole country in a very few years; to cause a church to be needed, and built, wherever enough people to fill it live; to make every man and woman in the kingdom worshippers; and then to diffuse God's light over the whole world, till all darkness vanish, till "the kingdoms of the earth become the kingdoms of our God," till "every man know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest."

I do not anticipate such results from the open-air preaching lately inaugurated; but it is a step in the right direction; it shows that the fire of zeal is alive, though it may be but smouldering; let us not damp it; let us rather encourage it, and pray for the time to be hastened when it shall burst forth with irresistible power.

I am, Sir, your ob't servant,

ROBERT E. HOOPFELL.

NEW BOOKS.

Poems of the Orient. By Bayard Taylor. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. Mr. Taylor is ever living and fresh. We copy the introductory—

PRÆN TO THE DAWN.

1.

THE dusky sky fades into blue,
And bluer surges bind us;
The stars are glimmering faint and few,
The night is left behind us!
Turn not where sinks the sullen dark
Before the signs of warning,
But crowd the canvas on our bark,
And sail to meet the morning.
Rejoice! rejoice! the hues that fill
The orient, flush and lighten;
And over the blue Ionian hill
The Dawn begins to brighten!

2.

We leave the Night, that weighed so long
Upon the soul's endeavor,
For Morning, on these hills of Song,
Has made her home forever.
Hark to the sound of the trump and lyre,
In the olive groves before us,
And the rhythmic beat, the pulse of fire,
Throb in the full-voiced chorus!
More than Memnonian grandeur speaks
In triumph to the præn,
And all the glory of the Greeks
Breathes o'er the old Ægean.

3.

Here shall the ancient dawn return,
That lit the earliest poet;

Whose very ashes, in his urn,
Would radiate glory through it.
The dawn of Life, when Life was song,
And Song the Life of Nature,
And the singer stood amid the throng—
A god in every feature!
When Love was free, and free as air
The utterance of Passion;
And the heart in every fold lay bare,
Nor shamed its true expression.

4.

The perfect limb and perfect face
Surpassed our best ideal;
Unconscious Nature's law was grace—
The beautiful was real.
For men acknowledged true desires,
And light as garlands wore them;
They were begot by vigorous sires,
And noble mothers bore them.
O, when the shapes of Art they planned
Were living forms of passion,
Impulse and deed went hand in hand,
And life was more than Fashion.

5.

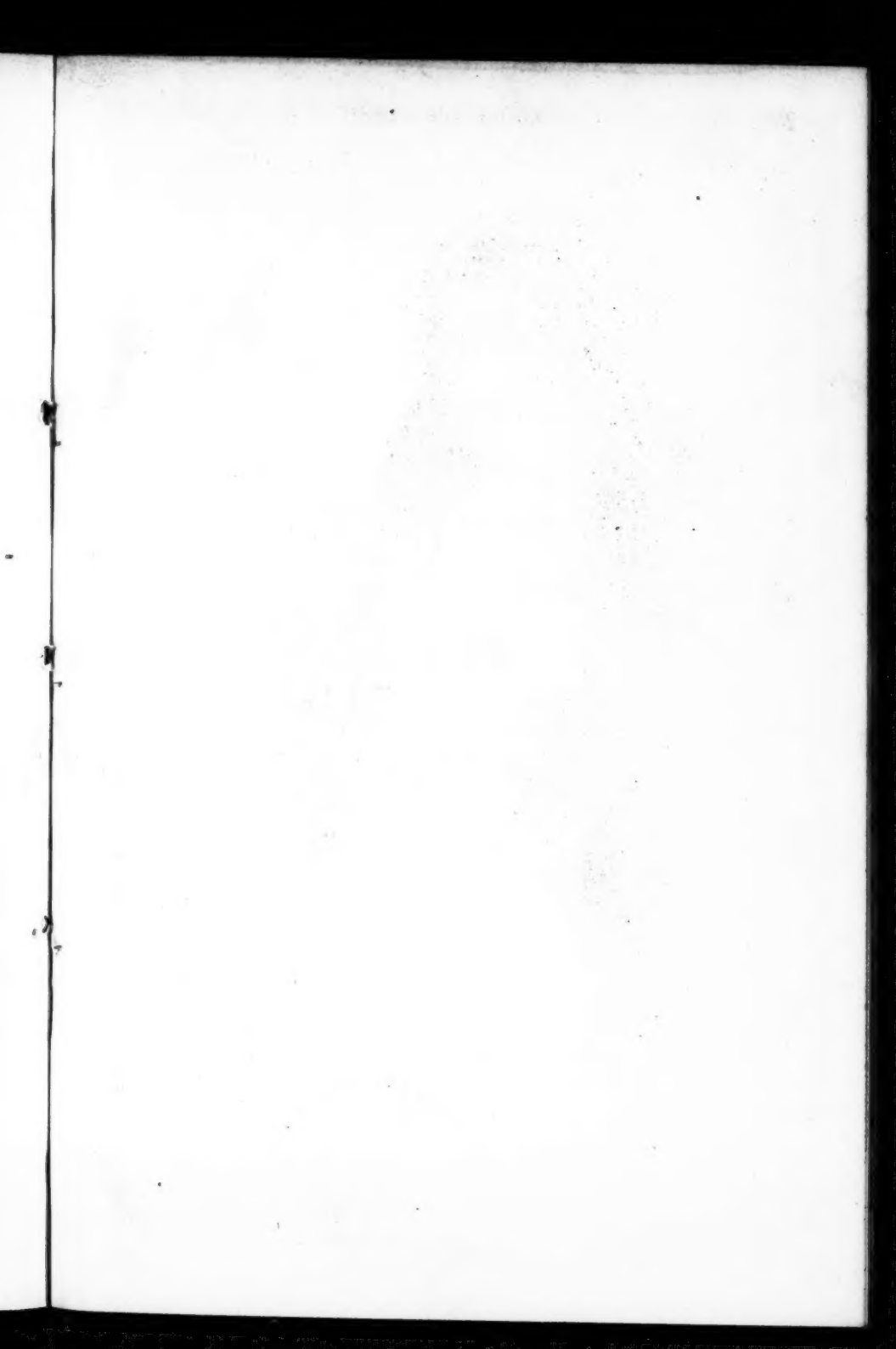
The seeds of song they scattered first,
Flower in all later ages;
Their forms have woke the artist's thirst,
Through the succeeding ages;
But I will seek the fountain-head
Whence flowed their inspiration,
And lead the unshackled life they led,
Accordant with Creation.
The world's false life that follows still,
Has ceased its chain to tighten,
And over the blue Ionian hill
I see the sunrise brighten.

One of the baker-tribe, resident at Glasgow, suggests a mode of escape for the consumer, if there really is the alleged conspiracy amongst bakers:

Let 200 or more persons form themselves into a joint-stock baking society. The capital required would be as follows: Flour, say 10 sacks, or less, at 45s. 22l. 10s.; baking utensils for a small concern 3l. 10s.; total 26l., and their capital account is closed; rent, taxes, and wages, being paid out of revenue.

This, as the Glasgow-baker says, is a very simple remedy; and it is not without a parallel. When there was a practical monopoly of the flour-trade at Leeds, some years ago, a number of people put together one sovereign a-piece, and set up a mill to furnish themselves with flour. The mill has become a permanent institution, with three or four thousand sovereign-proprietors, its own customers; and it altogether destroyed the flour-monopoly in that great town, securing a good supply, at the ordinary market-price, of the entire country.—*Spectator.*

MISS JANE LANGTON, the god-daughter and "dear Jenny" of Dr. Johnson, died recently at Richmond, in her seventy-seventh year; and with this lady, it is said, has passed away the only survivor of all the persons mentioned in Boswell's biography.





H. Carline

J. Brown

Galathea

